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Vol. 5—No. 3 JANUARY, 1913 Whole No. 27

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Edited by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, with the co-operation of Oswald Garrison Villard, W. S. Braithwaite, M. W. Ovington, Charles Edward Russell and others.

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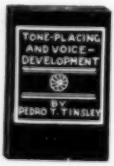

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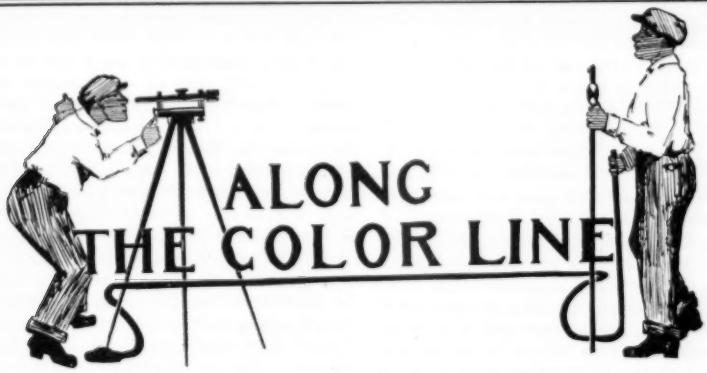


POLITICS.

AMONG the results of the late presidential election have been the following:

Edward D. Green, a colored member of the legislature in Illinois for four consecutive sessions, was defeated. Major R. R. Jackson, a colored candidate for that legislature, was also defeated. Both of these were Republicans. On the other hand, B. F. Moseley was elected presidential elector on the Progressive ticket. He is the first colored man to hold that office.

¶ In Kansas a colored lawyer, W. L. Sayers, has been elected county attorney of Graham County on the Democratic ticket. He received 888 votes, against 564 for the Republican candidate.

¶ R. L. Fitzgerald was elected freeholder of Atlantic City by a vote of 1,054 against the Democratic candidate, who had 865.

¶ In Hutchinson, Kan., James W. Green was elected constable, receiving 1,291 votes, against 1,235 for his nearest opponent.

¶ In New York City the colored Democrats have been celebrating with two banquets—one to Bishop Alexander Walters, the chairman of the colored organization, and the other to Robert N. Wood, chief of the New York organization.

¶ Colored men holding civil-service positions in the South are alarmed at the advent of the Democratic party. A letter to THE CRISIS printed in the New York *Evening Post* says:

"Colored employees in the Federal service have become very fearful of injustice, and even of losing their employment, as a result of the election. All the colored employees in the Federal service at ——, became connected with the service through competitive examinations required under the civil-service act, and they feel that they have a right to continue in the service as long as they prove faithful to their duty and are competent and efficient in its discharge. Since the election the report has been widespread and the belief is general that every colored employee in the Federal service at —— will lose his or her employment as soon as Mr. Wilson's friends are placed at the head of the bureaus in this district if the new President is not warned of the danger in advance.

"There is not a colored person here, whether in the service or not, who believes Mr. Wilson would countenance such an outrage as common report has will follow his inauguration, if he knew of the pernicious purpose before his appointees were selected to co-operate with him in his oft-expressed plan to do justice to all in the real democratic sense.

"None of the colored employees took any part in politics one way or the other, feeling that obedience to the civil-service regulations was as much an important part of their

duties as their work. They, therefore, feel that, having violated no rule of the civil-service provisions, their tenure of employment under the civil-service act should not be disturbed by the incoming administration simply because they are colored.

"If the President-elect would see to it that a square deal and fair play shall rule from the beginning to the end of his administration his doing so would not only be right, but it would have a more salutary and wholesome effect in bettering the condition of affairs between the races than the work of all the Republican Presidents put together since the war, and insure good will, peace and happiness to all the citizens of this country.

"We colored people of the South have all along believed that, if it were possible to have a Democratic President who would have the courage to do right to all men, and wrong to none, North, South, East and West, such a President would be the one to set matters right. But we have feared that such a patriot and statesman would be hard to find in the Democratic party."

¶ Reactionary Democrats are already beginning operations.

In Missouri there is a plan to disfranchise the Negro vote and adopt a "grandfather clause" to save the ignorant white vote. Such a law has been discussed for the last six years.

SOCIAL UPLIFT.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., has a publishing house conducted by the African Methodist Episcopal Church and another large publishing establishment under the Baptist Church. From these and other printing establishments are issued a *Quarterly Review*, two small monthlies and three weekly newspapers. There are three large undertaking establishments, two banks, fifty colored physicians, four institutions of higher learning and a medical school. Three colored bishops reside in the city and there are numerous churches. A considerable proportion of the skilled labor is done by colored men. Negroes are in the tailoring business and also deal in second-hand furniture. There are two colored photographers, several electrical contractors and plumbers and two hospitals.

¶ Rev. H. S. Dunn, in reviewing the progress of the Negro in New Orleans, says:

"Our higher institutions, with one single exception, have an increased attendance. Straight University has an enrollment of 500 students, with 140 in the high school and college department. New Orleans University has an enrollment of 465, with 145 in the high school and college department. Southern University has an enrollment of 479, with 166 in the high school and normal department. Leland University has an enrollment of 222, with 72 in the college and normal department. The Negro public schools all have a larger attendance, and with few exceptions have a parents' club, which is co-operating with the school board and the teachers in order to secure better results. Last year several of these clubs furnished drawing material for their schools, and some furnished shoes for the poorer children. I recently visited all of the schools and found the general outlook promising. I found a total of 7,813 pupils and 125 colored teachers. Four of these schools are taught by 31 white teachers. The list of colored teachers has been completely exhausted, which necessitates another examination for colored applicants.

"The one great need of the colored schools is that of manual training. It is hoped that the board will soon introduce this most practical phase of training in our schools. A note is now being taken of exceptional children which will aid much in the progress now being made in the schools. This plan will group the exceptionally brilliant and the exceptionally dull pupils for the good of all. The Seventh Ward Educational League, under the leadership of Rev. A. Lawless, Jr., has completed the payment on the six lots of grounds and the property has been turned over to the city for the erection of a school building for the children of the Miro School. The superintendents express a desire of having the Daniel School erected in the fourteenth ward. The erection of this school will supply a great need."

¶ Andrew Carnegie has given $25,000 for a library in New Orleans and the city has at last furnished a playground for colored children.

¶ In Seattle, Wash., the colored people have five churches, two physicians, two lawyers, one newspaper, four apartment houses, six fraternal organizations. The estimated colored population is 2,463.

¶ The movement for erecting and equipping first-class Y. M. C. A. buildings for colored

THE HOWARD-LINCOLN GAME: THE CROWD

people has received great impetus during the month.

In Baltimore the colored people have raised $31,000 in ten days, which secures them $75,000 of contingent gifts. They will erect a $100,000 building.

A $100,000 building will also be erected in Cincinnati. It will be a five-story structure, 77 x 152 feet, and will accommodate between 1,500 and 2,000 men and boys.

¶ In the athletic season just drawing to a close Howard University and Atlanta Baptist College seem to have the chief honors. On Thanksgiving Day Howard defeated Lincoln by a score of 13 to 0. On the same day, in Nashville, 1,200 people watched the championship game between Fisk and Atlanta Baptist College. Atlanta Baptist College had before defeated Atlanta University, Clark University and Tuskegee, while Fisk had defeated Roger Williams, the Alabama Mechanical College and Tuskegee. The Nashville game was won by Atlanta Baptist College.

¶ An unusually large athletic meet is planned at Washington by colored organizations during inauguration festivities.

¶ There are rumors of extravagance and incompetence on the part of the colored men at the head of the emancipation celebration in Pennsylvania. Representative Henry W. Bass, who has made an unfortunate record as a machine politician, has apparently surrendered the arrangements for the celebration into the hands of politicians to a large extent.

¶ A provisional gift of $10,000 toward a school and old folks' home in New Jersey was announced at the Colored Women's Congress in Montclair.

¶ Among the 1,500 boy scouts who dined at the 22d Regiment armory in New York was a troop of colored boys from Brooklyn.

¶ The new $60,000 Hubbard Hospital at Meharry Medical College, Nashville, has been dedicated. It is a three-story structure.

¶ Miss Lucretia A. Carter, a colored woman of Helena, Ark., has taken a State examination to practice medicine.

¶ Colored social settlements are planned in Richmond, Va., Wilmington, Del., and Duluth, Minn.

ECONOMICS.

THE annual reports of the auditor of the State of Virginia show the following facts about Negro property.

The total assessed value of property owned by Negroes has increased as follows:

1891	$12,089,965
1900	15,856,570
1911	32,944,246

The colored people paid in taxes $312,000 in 1911.

THE HOWARD-LINCOLN FOOTBALL GAME.

¶ In Kansas City, Mo., with a colored population of 23,566, a white investigator reports 800 Negro property owners assessed at $1,400,000. Fifty Negroes own property valued at $10,000 or more; one hundred between $5,000 and $10,000; two hundred between $1,000 and $5,000; four hundred and fifty between $500 and $1,000. The investigator says:

"The city takes little interest in any of the Negro districts except to have them well patrolled by policemen. The streets and walks are poorly kept, and no provision whatever is made for parks, playgrounds or public baths. Nevertheless the Negro takes great interest in his yard and house."

The occupations of 8,000 colored people in Kansas City between the ages of 14 and 60 are as follows:

Barbers	240
Dentists	4
Doctors	23
Janitors	350
Laborers	5,006
Lawyers	6
Police service	8
Postal service	20
Porters in barber shops	375
Porters in hotels	140
Porters in saloons	600
Proprietors, independent	90
Pool-hall owners	75
Preachers	25
Pullman service	140
Railway service	250
Teachers	30
Teamsters	210
Waiters	510

The total annual wages received is $3,811,140. Nine hundred of the 5,006 common laborers are employed at packing plants, eight hundred are hod carriers, two thousand work on the street for the city or for the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, and the remaining 1,306 are engaged in various forms of labor.

The Negro churches own $300,000 worth of property with a mortgaged indebtedness of $50,000. A house-to-house canvass of 348 colored families shows the following annual expenditure per family:

	Annual Expenditure.	Per Cent.
Food	$202.41	38.46
Rent	116.29	21.27
Clothing	49.15	7.62
Fuel and light	24.81	4.20
Carfare	18.80	3.00
Other expenses and savings	228.29	25.45
		100.00

¶ The colored people of Los Angeles claim that they are the best-housed group of their race in the United States. They are beginning now to build business blocks.

¶ A colored man was sent to jail for murder twenty-three years ago in Alabama. He was recently pardoned by the governor, and found that a small piece of property worth one or two hundred dollars when he was incarcerated is now worth $20,000.

¶ Mr. John Mitchell, Jr., of Richmond, is projecting an "Anglo-American Finance Corporation" with a capital of $125,000.

¶ The colored waiters of Washington, D. C., are planning a school for the instruction of waiters.

¶ The will of Edward J. Fatin, a colored caterer of Baltimore worth $25,000, has been broken by his sister. He attempted to found an agricultural school.

EDUCATION.

MISS ALICE M. CURTIS has left $5,000 each to Atlanta University, Hampton Institute and Tuskegee. The will says:

"These sums I give to said institutions in memory of my mother, Marian A. Curtis, and of her enthusiastic efforts during the struggle against human slavery in this country, and believing that they are doing an especially effective, promising and necessary work in the education and training of the colored people to become citizens of the United States; said three sums to be invested and held respectively by said institutions as permanent funds, the income to be used in such manner and for such purposes as the trustees or other governing bodies of said institutions may determine will, in view of my motives in giving said sums, best serve the interests of said respective institutions."

¶ The Nashville Institute for Negro Christian Workers was founded January 1. The board of trustees is composed of colored and white men and the grounds are near Fisk University. The work will begin with the training of deaconesses.

¶ The income of Howard University for the year ending June 30, 1912, was:

Government appropriation	$92,900
Paid by students	49,370
Endowment	13,853
Miscellaneous	4,490
	$160,613

The total endowment fund amounts to $281,319, and the land and equipment are valued at $1,274,985.

¶ Colored teachers of Evansville, Ind., will make an educational tour in the South next spring.

¶ Colored teachers' associations are meeting during the holiday season all over the South.

¶ The inauguration of Stephen Morrell Newman as president of Howard University took place December 13.

¶ At the meeting of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges held at Atlanta, Ga., nine colored colleges were represented. These institutions also held separate meetings at Atlanta University. President Byrd Prillerman, of West Virginia Colored Institute, acted as chairman of the latter conferences.

¶ From three different sources in the South a call for better educational opportunities for colored children has been made.

In Savannah, Ga., J. B. Hammond, the Southern white president of a colored college, made a strong plea for Southern help for Negro education.

At Fort Worth, Tex., in a discussion on compulsory school laws, it was charged that the East Texas credit merchants would not let Negro children go to school.

At the Southern Educational Association, which met at Louisville, Ky., a committee was appointed on the subject of Negro education.

¶ Florence County, S. C., had, in 1900, about 16,000 colored people and 12,000 white people. There were enrolled in school in 1912, 4,621 white and 4,066 colored children. There were 139 white teachers employed and 63 colored teachers. The white schools ran 30 weeks, the Negro schools ran 13½ weeks. There was spent on the schools $93,172; of this the whites got $84,034, the Negroes $9,138. White teachers received in salaries $57,399 and Negro teachers $8,583.

MEETINGS.

A MEETING at the Civic Club, in New York, on the problem of the city Negro was addressed by Dr. George E. Haynes of Fisk University, Ray Stannard Baker and others. Dr. Haynes made the following suggestions:

"First, we must see to it that the better element of white people and the better element of colored people shall come together in each city in some organized way.

"In the second place, the Negro must have leaders of his own—strong, wise, well-trained leaders, who are learned in all the American ways of doing things, and in the life and history of their own people. These leaders are absolutely indispensable as a medium of communication between the segregated Negro world and the white world which incloses them.

"In the third place, the white people must see that the Negro gets a fair opportunity in all phases of city life. He must have a fair chance to get work, to hold his job, and ample facilities to prepare himself for any and all work for which he has capacity, and for which he may develop ability. He must have good houses in which to live, for which he must not be compelled to pay exorbitant rents, nor must he be segregated to the poorer sections of the cities when his impulses, his culture and his purse enable him to buy or rent elsewhere."

Ray Stannard Baker said: "I do not know which is worse, the social disabilities placed on Negroes or the moral disabilities which we incur in our treatment of the Negroes."

¶ The colored State fair of Georgia, held at Macon, was unusually successful. There was an attendance of 40,000, a street parade, horse races, ball games, an education day and an ex-slaves' day.

¶ Washington County (Texas) farmers have had a fair with music and exhibits.

¶ The fourth annual carnival has been held by colored people for six days at West End Park, Houston, Tex.

¶ The fifth annual Negro fair, held in Augusta, Ga., had exhibits from the colored schools and from women and farmers.

¶ The second annual Orangeburg County (S. C.) fair had an attendance of 25,000 people.

¶ There will be a widespread celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of emancipation, January 1, among colored people.

MUSIC AND ART.

THE London *Daily News* says:

"A strange story of the last moments of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, the composer, who died recently, was told to the Windsor and Eton Choral Society at their annual meeting by Sir Walter Parratt, the King's Master of Music.

"He had written a violin concerto, which was performed for the first time on Tuesday evening at Queen's Hall, and just before he died he sat up in bed and conducted the whole of the concerto to an imaginary orchestra. At the close he bowed three times to an imaginary audience, just as a conductor would."

¶ A great concert was given on November 22, at Royal Albert Hall, London, England, by a Coleridge-Taylor memorial committee under the presidency of the Earl of Pembroke, the proceeds of which are to be handed to the widow of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor.

The committee included Lord Alverstone (the Lord Chief Justice), the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Plymouth, Sir Beerbohm-Tree, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Frederick Cowan and other noblemen and well-known leaders in the profession.

The program was selected from the works of the late Coleridge-Taylor.

The orchestra and chorus consisted of 1,250 persons from the Royal Choral Society, Alexander Palace Choral Society, Crystal Palace Choir, London Choral Society, London Symphony Orchestra, New Symphony Orchestra, Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, Stock Exchange Orchestral Society and the Handel Society.

The artists were Ruth Vincent, Esta D'Argo, Ada Crossley, Ben Davies, Gervase Elves, Robert Radford and Julien Henry. The organist was H. L. Balfour, Mus. B. The conductors were Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford and Mr. Landon Ronald.

The London *Musical Times* considered the concert a fitting tribute to a man who has afforded so much delight to his generation, and quoted Noyes' tribute: "Generous as a child; so wholly free from all base pride that fools forgot his crown."

¶ Before the American Geographical Society, on October 17, the Kneisel Quartet, a string quartet of international fame, presented a program of music.

The soloist for the occasion was Mr. Harry T. Burleigh, baritone, of New York. Mr. Burleigh sang a group of folk songs of different countries, and also an interesting group of songs by modern composers.

¶ Mr. Roland W. Hayes, tenor, gave a concert on November 19, at Jordan Hall, Boston, Mass., where he was heard before an exceptionally large audience which included a number of musicians of prominence.

The assisting artists were Roy W. Tibbs, pianist, of Washington, D. C.; Wm. H. Richardson, baritone, and Maud Cuney Hare, accompanist.

The Boston *Herald*, under the signature of Philip Hale, said of the concert:

"Mr. Hayes has an unusually good voice. The natural quality is beautiful. It is a luscious yet manly voice. Mr. Hayes sings freely and with taste, though in his youthful enthusiasm he occasionally, last evening, forced an upper tone. With patience and still further study he should go far.

"Mr. Richardson is also singularly blessed by nature. His voice is resonant, firm, commanding, yet smooth and even throughout a liberal compass. He, too, sang fluently and with marked authority.

"The pianist showed facility and strength in the toccata and fugue and greatly pleased the audience by his interpretation of the other pieces."

¶ During the last fortnight in November Mr. Hayes was heard in concert at Chicago, Ill., Detroit, Mich., and Syracuse, N. Y.

¶ Mrs. E. Azalia Hackley, soprano, sang before a very large audience on November 11, at Washington, D. C., under a long list of influential patrons.

¶ Mrs. Portia Washington Pittman, the daughter of Mr. Booker T. Washington, is now teaching piano-forte at Dallas, Tex. Mrs. Pittman was a student of piano-forte under Martin Krause, of Berlin, Germany.

¶ On November 10, at Chicago, Ill., a large public memorial was held by the Choral Study Club, Mr. Walter E. Gossett, conductor. All numbers performed were drawn from compositions by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor. Dr. Charles E. Bentley was the speaker. "Hiawatha's Departure" and "The Blind Girl of Castle Cuille" were given by the society. The chorus was assisted by Mrs. Martha B. Anderson, Mrs. Mayme Marshall, Mr. Daniel Protheroe and Mr. Harrison Emmanuel, violinist.

¶ Carlisle Kawbowgam, a full-blooded American Chippewa Indian, a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School and the Yale School of Medicine, and who possesses a remarkable tenor voice, is preparing for grand opera in Berlin, Germany. Critics declare that the singer is destined to rank among the world's greatest tenors.

¶ There is now on exhibition in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, D. C., one of Henry Tanner's pictures, the subject of which is "Christ Learning to Read." Mr. Tanner will sail from Europe about the fifteenth of this month for New York, where soon after his arrival he will have an exhibition of some of his work.

¶ The following note comes from the art critic in the Washington (D. C.) *Star:*

"At the Veerhoff gallery there is now on exhibition a portrait bust in plaster of Assistant Attorney-General William H. Lewis, the work of May Howard Jackson of this city. It is strongly and feelingly modeled and is vital as well as structurally good. Mrs. Jackson has already done some creditable work, but this is more than promising; it is an achievement. A portrait to deserve the name must be more than a likeness; it must interpret character; it must have personality. Of this bust as much can be truly said."

PERSONAL.

AFTER rescuing fifteen persons from burning at the St. George Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal., Julius Malone, a colored porter, lost his life in trying to rescue another person. Mr. Malone was 38 years of age and had worked for the proprietor of the hotel for twenty-three years. Oscar Bell, the colored elevator boy, is also mentioned as unusually heroic.

¶ T. W. Walker, of Gloucester County, Va., has received much well-deserved notice from the article concerning his work in a recent number of the *World's Work*.

¶ Fritz F. Porter, a colored custodian of a country club near New York, bought lots in Wyoming some years ago which are now worth over $50,000 on account of mineral rights.

¶ Edward H. Morris, grand master of the colored Odd Fellows, while abroad last year, met with the Annual Movable Conference of English Odd Fellows at Cardiff, South Wales. He was accorded especial attention. In the street parade he had a place of honor at the head of the procession with the grand officers. He was also a guest at the Lord Mayor's dinner and made several speeches.

¶ Henry Bozeman Jones of Philadelphia, grandson of the late Henry Jones, is developing talent in portraiture. He has painted two pictures of Frederick Douglass.

¶ Caleb Nelson, a former slave, is dead at Allentown, Pa. He left an estate of $10,000.

¶ Mrs. Susan Paul Vashon, the last surviving child of Elijah W. Smith, is dead at St. Louis. Her father was a member of Frank Johnson's band which played before Queen Victoria in 1854. Her husband was Professor G. B. Vashon, who conducted a well-known school in Pittsburgh, Pa. The late Wright Cuney and many other distinguished colored men were his pupils.

¶ Two white presidents of Negro colleges are dead. Isaac Rendell of Lincoln and George A. Gates of Fisk. Dr. Rendell was born in 1825, and the establishment of Lincoln University was very largely due to him.

¶ Dr. Lyman B. Teft, president of Hartshorn Memorial College for Girls at Richmond, Va., for twenty-nine years, has resigned. W. Riglar succeeds him.

¶ Arthur Reed, a colored player on the Everett High School football team, has been named on the "all-scholastic" eleven.

¶ Z. W. Mitchell, a charlatan who has been repeatedly exposed, is operating now in the Southwest. Mitchell is a colored man and has a "Loyal Legion Co-operative system" for collecting money.

¶ Dr. William D. Crum, Minister Resident and Consul-General at Monrovia, Liberia, died at Charleston, S. C., from fever contracted in Africa. Dr. Crum was nominated by President Roosevelt as collector of the port of Charleston in 1902 and in 1903 he was rejected by the Senate. The President renominated Dr. Crum and placed him in charge of the customs house pending his confirmation. Some three years ago he was appointed Minister to Liberia.

Dr. Crum was born in Charleston February 5, 1859.

¶ Howard P. Drew, representing the Springfield High School of Springfield, Mass., equaled the world's record of 7 1-5 seconds for the seventy-yard dash at the games of the Bradhurst Field Club. Drew started from the back mark, and, after working hard in

his trial and semi-final heats, put on so much power in his run for the tape in the final that he fairly ran through the men placed far in front of him before half the distance was covered.

THE CHURCH.

THE missionary headquarters of the colored Baptists has been moved from Louisville to Philadelphia. Dr. L. G. Jordan is still in charge.

¶ The general convention of the congregational churches has been meeting in Savannah, Ga. It is composed of colored ministers from all over the South.

¶ The Rev. John W. Lee and his congregation have been celebrating the 105th anniversary of the First African Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. This church was founded May 28, 1807. Its first pastor was the Rev. John Gloucester, a slave whose freedom was purchased.

THE GHETTO.

THERE is a movement for "Jim Crow" street cars in the District of Columbia, agitated by the "Central Citizens' Association."

¶ Winston-Salem, S. C., has already segregated Negro residences and is now trying to segregate Negro business enterprises.

¶ A segregation bill has been introduced into the Missouri legislature.

¶ The "Progressive Committee of White Fraternities" is asking support for a measure to keep Negroes from using the names of Masons, Odd Fellows, etc. The bill has been introduced into Congress by a Massachusetts representative, E. W. Roberts.

¶ The authorities of Atlanta, Ga., will not grant licenses to colored men to operate moving-picture machines.

¶ Macon, Ga., has a segregated vice district. In the district they have included a thriving colored Baptist church and a colored public school.

¶ Miss Edna Clanton, a colored girl, was appointed stenographer at the Elgin (Ill.) State Hospital. She was "frozen out" by being given no work to do and left the place.

¶ The following note appears in the New Orleans *Picayune* of November 29:

"'She's my wife. We have lived together thirty-eight years. The law cannot estrange us.' Thus spoke Joseph Lawrence, a white farmer, in the second criminal court at New Orleans, La., recently, while he was awaiting trial on the charge of marrying a colored woman. Through the arrest of Lawrence and his colored wife the police discovered a hard situation. All around Lee Station the white farmers and fishermen and other classes have intermarried with colored people and reared large families regardless of the law against such. A number of arrests have been made, but it has been impossible to convict one for the reason that the white parties all went on the stand and swore they were colored. Just what the prosecuting attorney can do remains to be seen."

CRIME.

THE following lynchings have taken place since our last record:

Two Negroes at Newberry, S. C., charged with murder; one Will Thomas was shot to death; the other has not been found.

In Bossier parish, Louisiana, three Negroes—Burke, Heard and Jimeson—were lynched for wounding a sheriff. The Shreveport *Journal* has a picture of the lynching and devotes several columns to the details.

At Ocala, Fla., Priest Niles, a Negro, was lynched for murder and John Archer, also colored, was shot for talking about the lynching.

At Cordele, Ga., Williams, a Negro, was lynched for murder and alleged assault.

At Butler, Ala., A. Curtis and three other colored men were lynched for the alleged murder of a planter.

In Enid, Okla., Dixon, a colored man, fearing a mob, hanged himself in jail. He was accused of murder.

In North Dakota George Baker, a white man, was lynched.

¶ Four colored boys, all under 15 years of age, have been made State prisoners in Alabama for stealing a bicycle.

¶ Negroes have been killed by officers at Macon Ga., Thomason, Ala., and Lumber City, Ga.

¶ The governor of Mississippi has been asked to pardon Gene Burns, a colored man, who was sent to the penitentiary for life for criminal assault. The father of the girl says that he has discovered that Burns was not guilty.

MEN OF THE MONTH

A MAKER OF SCHOOLS.

THE organization of the colored school system in the District of Columbia is due to the Cook family more largely than to any other persons. The Rev. John F. Cook maintained a colored school from 1834 to 1855, with the exception of one year, when this school was stopped by a mob. On the 21st of May, 1862, Congress set aside 10 per cent. of the taxes paid by colored people for colored schools. In 1864 one teacher was employed. In that same year the colored

THE LATE G. F. T. COOK AT THE AGE OF 50.

children were allowed their proportion of the school taxes according to their numbers. Under this act in 1868 George Frederick Thompson Cook became superintendent of the colored schools. Mr. Cook was a son of the Rev. John F. Cook and a brother of the late well-known John F. Cook who died a few years ago. George F. T. Cook was given full responsibility; he faced a tremendous task and he accomplished it. He built up what was, until a few years ago, the best colored public-school system in the United States and one of the best school systems anywhere. He found the schools in shanties and old abandoned barracks and left, in 1900, when he relinquished his trust, twenty-three well-housed elementary schools, a high school and a normal school.

Mr. Cook died, after a brief illness, August 7, 1912, at the age of 77.

The office of superintendent of colored public schools was, after Mr. Cook's retirement, subordinated to the superintendent of the white schools, and to-day the colored superintendent is practically an executive clerk and not a responsible official.

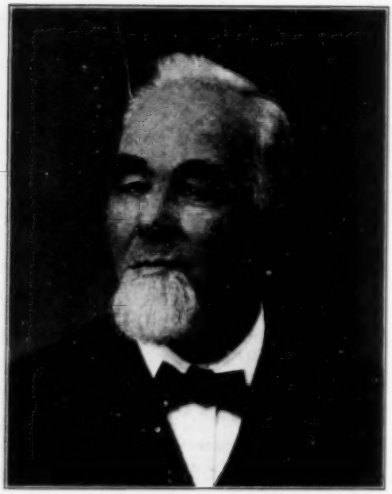
On November 19 the teachers of the District of Columbia held memorial exercises in honor of their late superintendent. Dr. W. S. Montgomery, in the course of an unusually fine address, said:

"George F. T. Cook was a brave man, an independent man. He never flinched from uttering his thoughts when occasion demanded. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. In him was not a jot or iota of deception, duplicity or indirection. No dishonesty tinged or beclouded his character and name, which remain a magnificent legacy to a people just planting their feet on freedom's ground and winning recognition and a place in American civilization."

THE GEORGIA BAPTIST MAN.

WILLIAM J. WHITE was born in Georgia in 1832. He was, as a slave, employed at cabinet making and learned his letters from his mother, who was a white woman. He taught a night school from 1853 to 1865.

During reconstruction he was made agent of the Freedmen's Bureau by Gen. O. O. Howard. In 1866 he was ordained as a



WILLIAM J. WHITE.

Baptist minister and later spent eleven years in the service of the United States Revenue Department in Georgia.

Mr. White has been president of four different Negro conventions in Georgia and is the most conspicuous leader in his church. He is the founder of Atlanta Baptist College. Perhaps his greatest work, however, is the *Georgia Baptist*. This influential weekly was first issued October 28, 1880 and is to-day beginning its thirty-third year.

Mr. White is a clean, honest man, absolutely incorruptible, a clear thinker and an intrepid fighter, and yet withal the most genial and lovable of persons.

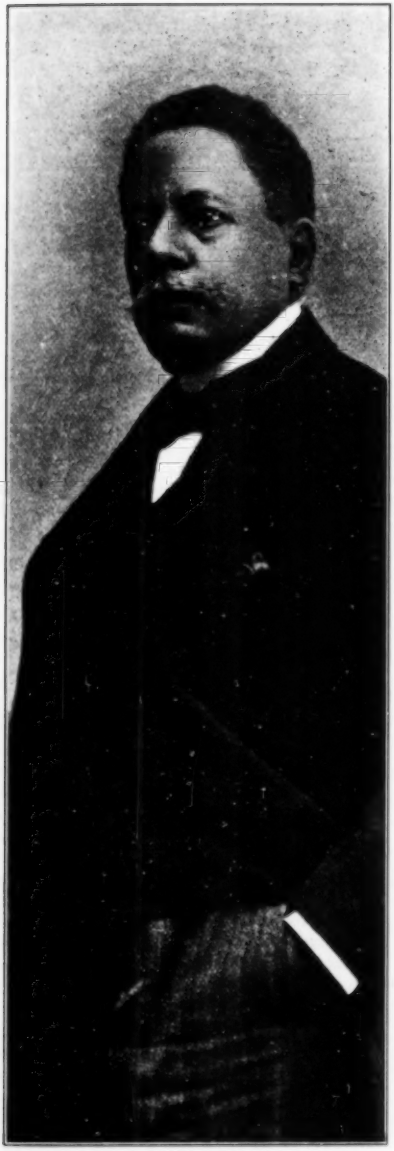
A MAN OF BUSINESS.

JOSEPH LAWRENCE JONES is the founder and proprietor of the Central Regalia Company of Cincinnati. He was born near that city June 12, 1868. His father was secretary of the colored school board before the war, and his mother is still a well-known worker among colored women's clubs. Jones graduated from the Gaines High School under Peter H. Clark, became first a teacher and then worked in the civil service. In 1902 he organized the Central Regalia Company, which is the largest colored organization in the world for manufacturing secret and fraternal association badges and uniforms, and employs from ten to thirty persons, according to season. Mr. Jones and his son and four daughters live in a pretty modern home in Walnut Hills.

THE PRESIDENT OF HAITI.

TANCREDE AUGUSTE, president of the republic of Haiti, was born at Cape Haitien March 16, 1856, and is consequently 56 years of age. He is a business man and banker and was made head of the department of the interior and of the police by President Hyppolite in 1895. He held office until 1902 when he returned to business life, but his advice and aid were repeatedly sought during the administrations of Nord and Simon. After the flight of Simon, Auguste was at the head of the committee of public safety, which preserved order, and when the late President Le Conte perished in the terrible accident of August last, Auguste was elected his successor by a large majority. Free to a greater extent, in the manner of his accession to power, than most of his predecessors from the machinations of political enemies and the importunities of political friends, great reforms and great achievements are expected of him because he is believed to possess both the power and the inclination to bring them about.

JOSEPH L. JONES.



HIS EXCELLENCY, TANCREDE AUGUSTE
President of the Republic of Haiti.

The Road to the Bow

By JAMES D. CORROTHERS.

Ever and ever and anon,
After the black storm, the eternal, beauteous bow!
Brother, to rosy-painted mists that arch beyond,
Blithely I go.

My brows men laureled and my lyre
Twined with immortal ivy for one little rippling song;
My "House of Golden Leaves" they praised and "passionate fire"—
But, Friend, the way is long!

Onward and onward, up! away!
Though Fear flaunt all his banners in my face,
And my feet stumble, lo! the Orphean Day!
Forward by God's grace!

These signs are still before me: "Fear,"
"Danger," "Unprecedented," and I hear black "No"
Still thundering, and "Churl." Good Friend, I rest me here—
Then to the glittering bow!

Loometh and cometh Hate in wrath,
Mailed Wrong, swart Servitude and Shame, with bitter rue,
Nathless a Negro poet's feet must tread the path
The winged god knew.

Thus, my true Brother, dream-led, I
Forefend the anathema, following the span.
I hold my head as proudly high
As any man.

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE NEGRO.

The New York *Globe* in the course of a long editorial says:

"At the election, as a result of the treatment of the Southern Negro delegates by the Bull Moose convention and of Negro dissatisfaction with the Taft administration's policy, a large percentage of Negroes voted for Woodrow Wilson, a Democrat and a man of Southern birth, whose father was a violent clerical upholder of slavery and a bitter opponent of emancipation. Approximately 20 per cent., according to accepted estimates, of the total Negro vote went Democratic. No party is now characteristically the party of the Negro."

The editor goes on to say:

"So the great army of Democratic Negroes are looking with keen interest to see what will be the policy of the new administration. It can hardly do much worse in an office way than its predecessor, for of 9,876 presidential appointments but thirty have been allotted to Negroes. But it is not the offices in which the more intelligent members of the race are interested. What is to be the attitude toward the Negro generally? Is the policy to be the one of keeping the Negro down, or of helping him to rise? Is he to be treated as a member of a permanently inferior race, no matter what his personal merits, or is he to be treated as a citizen who is to get the same privileges and recognitions as others when he deserves them? Is the new administration, with respect to the race question, to be a democratic one?"

It is evident that the Bourbon Democracy of the South, which votes on nothing but the Negro question, has already been stirred into activity by the success of the Democrats at the polls.

In Missouri there is a proposed disfranchisement bill with a "grandfather" clause, and also a bill entitled "An ordinance for preserving peace, preventing conflict and ill feeling between the white and colored races in the city of St. Louis and promoting the general welfare of the city by providing, as far as practicable, for the use of separate blocks by white and colored people for residences, churches and schools."

It provides it shall be unlawful for either white or colored persons to move their residence into a block in which the major portion of the inhabitable feet frontage is occupied by the other class. It provides that Negro servants may reside with their employers.

The bill prescribes a penalty of $5 to $50 a day for each day during which the ordinance shall be violated, and authorizes the building commissioner to identify blocks as "white" or "colored."

Police department permits must be issued before any person shall move into a "mixed" block, according to the provision of the bill.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* asks why the Democrats want to disfranchise the Negro in Missouri, since they form but 5 per cent. of the population. It goes on to say:

"Some of the Democratic leaders in the State made an especial appeal to the Negroes in the recent campaign. They were asked to support Wilson and Major, as being better friends of the black race than were their Republican rivals. A boast was made, too, that a considerable number of Negroes were enrolled in Democratic clubs, and that this number was steadily on the increase. What sort of a commentary on this talk does the projected anti-Negro legislation in Jefferson City make?"

The Pittsburgh *Despatch* says that it is plain "that the sole reason for the proposed disfranchisement is to prevent, if possible, another defeat of the Democratic organization by eliminating enough votes from the presumably Republican element. It is difficult to believe that the enlightened public opinion of Missouri will permit so out-

rageous abuse of power. If it is carried out it is sure to be resented, and the outcome will probably be more disastrous to the schemers than if they played fair and trusted to their record to keep them in control."

The colored people of St. Louis are publicly protesting particularly against the segregation law. Their organ, the St. Louis *Advance*, is despondent:

"It looks as if, one by one, nearly all the rights gained through the manly advocacy of the Negro leaders of a generation ago are now being stolen from us. We had Jim Crow cars in St. Louis a generation or more ago, but the leading Negroes of that day made a manly, not a sycophantic, fight against them and won. Now we are not only threatened with Jim Crow cars, but Jim Crow streets and Jim Crow blocks, and the supineness of the young leading Negro of to-day shows that he has fallen asleep at his post, and when he wakes up he will find himself stripped and naked before the fierce and chilling blast of American race hate.

Our young men are largely Booker Washingtonized. Their policy is submission and surrender, a policy which, as pursued by Washington, has cost us nearly all our rights in the Southern States, and now it is invading the North and we see it teaching the doctrine of race separation, proscription and surrender everywhere."

We cannot forbear in this connection to print a poem which the *Woman's Journal* attributes to *Cotton's Weekly*. It is entitled "It Pays to Kick," and runs like this:

There lived two frogs, so I am told,
  On a quiet wayside pool.
And one of these frogs was a blamed bright frog,
  But the other frog was a fool.
Now a farmer man with a big milk can
  Was wont to pass that way,
And he used to stop and add a drop
  Of the water, so they say.
And it chanced one morn, in the early dawn,
  When the farmer's sight was dim,
He scooped those frogs in the water he dipped,
  Which same was a joke on him.
The fool frog sank in the swashing tank
  As the farmer bumped to town,
But the smart frog flew like a tugboat screw,
  And swore he'd not go down.
So he kicked and splashed and slammed and thrashed,
  And he kept on top through all,
And he churned that milk in first-class shape
  Into a great big butter ball.
Now, when the milkman got to town
  And opened the can, there lay
The fool frog drowned, but hale and sound,
  The kicker, he hopped away.

Moral:

Don't fret your life with endless strife,
  Yet let this teaching stick,
You'll find, old man, in the world's big can,
  It sometimes pays to kick.

MESSRS. BLEASE AND JOHNSON.

The two most talked of persons in the United States in the last month have been Mr. Cole Blease of South Carolina and Mr. Jack Johnson of Chicago. Many bitter and sarcastic things have been said of both.

The New York *Evening Post*, commenting on Blease's defense of lynching, says that even "if one could accept Governor Blease's position, in fairness to the colored people he should have stated that, of the 2,942 lynchings recorded by the Chicago *Tribune* since 1885—there have been far more—but 24.7 per cent, have been of persons charged with the crime of rape. How many of those actually lynched for it were innocent, no one knows; 50 per cent. would not be a rash estimate. Of the other lynchings, 42.2 per cent. were for murder, and no less than 33.1 per cent. for other crimes. Moreover, of the total of 2,942 killed by mobs, 900 were white. We venture to prophesy that when this tendency goes a little further, even Governor Blease will find lynchings less praiseworthy. Now, however, the head of a Christian American commonwealth in solemn conclave applauds the mob and upholds its lust for blood. Never has a governor sunk so low. Even Vardaman sought to put down the mob."

The New York *Times* adds:

"There are Bleases in the North as well as in the South. It is tedious to 'get the right man' by the winnowing processes of the law. The law's delay is often exasperating even to those who abide by it. Its technicalities sprang from times when there were scores of capital offenses, from the penalty of which the judges sought escape for hapless prisoners. But criminal procedure has of late become swifter. The lynching of even Negro assailants of women in the South may not longer be condoned, and it never could be. The philosophy of 'getting the right man' does not stop with Negroes, as the record of murderous Southern feuds evinces. This is not an age for Blease and his like."

A correspondent to the New York *World* asserts that Blease belongs to the "poor white trash" and that it is the rise of this class that has debauched the political South. Thus the rise of the oppressed in a democracy is made the cause of such birth pains of democracy as Blease represents. In exactly the same way Jack Johnson is being made the excuse for further Negro oppression because in the face of bitter public opinion he married the girl whom he was accused of wronging. As the New York *World* says:

"There is a growing suspicion that no matter how bad a man Johnson may be—and he is bad undoubtedly—popular clamor and race prejudice are making him blacker than he is. Whatever he may be, he is entitled to his rights under laws impartially administered."

Perhaps the fairest comment on the whole pitiable situation is the half-satirical comment of *Le Temps* of Paris, with all its curious mistakes. The translation is our own:

"The telegrams from the United States convey two pieces of news equally interesting for those who follow with an attentive and impartial eye the vagaries of the Negro problem of North America. On the one hand we learn that Mr. Jack Johnson, the boxer, known throughout the world, and the holder of a unique record, having knocked out all sorts of adversaries of all colors, is having annoyance because a young white woman has become susceptible to the prestige of his glory. Mr. Jack Johnson, although he has a solid fist, has nevertheless liberal ideas and a heart accessible to all tenderness. He defends himself against race prejudice as valiantly as against the uppercuts of his antagonists, white or black. • • •

"But the heroine of this touching idyl had a father—a noble father, or one calling himself such. This patriarch neglected nothing to blacken beyond measure the future son-in-law which his daughter dared to pretend to impose upon him. First he poured upon Jack Johnson a large quantity of ink; literally without the least metaphor. This spectacle was seen in the streets of Chicago: a flood of the black liquid poured from the twentieth story, splashed the passersby under pretext of getting at the brave boxer who, attending to his own business, was going at a leisurely gait to cash a check at his bankers. This paternal vengeance having rather missed its mark, namely, to blacken a black man, the irate father has just arraigned the excellent boxer of ebony hue before a tribunal which will be quite embarrassed to render a just verdict. For, after all, they never trouble about the whites who seduce Negro women. Why then this unheard-of rigor against a Negro who, having attained results by his own personal merit, which make him a very eligible party, lets himself be loved by a white girl, and follows the perfect love with a person who is evidently in love with him. The fury of the former planters and slave owners is of a kind excessively comic. For it is impossible to answer their unforgettable misdeeds by a more amiable vengeance. This transatlantic episode would rejoice the heart of the excellent woman who wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

"Happily, America gives us by the same courier the account of an affair quite opposite to this laughable episode.

"All friends of the United States will be glad to know that the young American army has just shown how its intelligent liberalism can raise it above former prejudices and lawless passions in rendering public homage to chivalric bravery and military valor, without occupying itself with the quarrels of race which have so cruelly divided the followers of Judge Lynch and the apostles of justice. Many ridiculous and harmful sophisms have been dissipated since the day when Mr. Roosevelt, by a commendable act, invited Mr. Booker Washington to the presidential table at the White House.

"There is in that young army already marked by notable prowess an excellent officer named Charles Young. It was he who, in the Cuban War, June, 1898, saved from certain destruction the Rough Riders of Colonel Roosevelt. Charles Young, who is as black as the heroes recently celebrated by Colonel Baratier in a series of 'd'Epopees Africaines,' has just been made a major in the Federal army. • • •

"The legitimate advancement of Major Young happened at an opportune moment to illustrate the fine points in a recent book on 'Le Negre aux Etats-Unis,' by Warrington Dawson. One can only wish the continuance of this movement toward justice."

THE NEGRO LABORER.

There are growing indications that the colored laborer is beginning to think. A privately printed circular sent to Pullman porters

by one of their own number runs thus:

"I say, brother, because I am one of the number that makes to see and to know the need of a union—and that union should extend throughout the United States and to every porter that is employed by the Pullman Company; yes, and to those who are expecting to be employed. To be divided as we are, and without any protection, we are practically no good for any purpose. It has been thoroughly proved in the past, as we have felt, tasted and seen our condition for living.

"We feel the need of a union among us, whereby we may protect ourselves. We taste the bitter pills given to us by the so-called officers. We see the disadvantages under which we are working. We see our money taken away from us and we dare not say a word. We see how we are dogged and driven about by those illiterate and ignorant conductors, and we are almost afraid to open our mouths. We see how we are forced to honor—to be submissive, to humble ourselves to every person, from a millionaire down to a tramp. This is all done because we are lacking of a union among us. It will continue and increase in every way if we do not do something to check it."

The *Defender*, a colored paper of Chicago, noted that:

"A number of the labor unions are beginning to realize that they must adr it the Negro workman if they hope to preserve their unions. This striking and finding their places permanently filled by the dark brother is getting serious. Both must work and both must work to live; the color of the skin doesn't matter. If he were permitted to join the unions, to share in their fortunes, be they good or bad, he would stick."

There is some evidence of distinctly Socialistic leaning; for instance, the *Ethiopian Phalanx* of Covington, Ga., reprints a whole column of editorial paragraphs from the socialistic *Appeal to Reason*, and the *Advocate-Verdict* of Harrisburg, Pa., in an editorial says:

"Since there was so much talk during the recent campaign about the Negro dividing his vote, and there seems to be some assurance of them breaking away from the old party, it might be well for them to look into the Socialist camp to see if the conditions there are as favorable as reported."

PROFITABLE CRIME.

The Southern advisers of the editors of the *Outlook* have allowed them to say a few words on the shameful traffic in crime in the South:

"The report of the State convict board of Alabama shows that the total gross earnings of convicts in that State for the year ending September 10 was $1,073,286.16. These figures, without taking into account the earnings of one hundred convicts who were employed on the State farm, from whom the State would have received $30,000 more if they had been leased on the same terms as the others, shows a gain for 1912 over the previous year of $16,456.93. The figures for other States where the convict lease system is in force are not at hand, but there is every reason to believe that the above is a fair sample of the profits made elsewhere. * * * How many know or have considered the actual facts in regard to the matter, namely, that under the fee system, as it still exists in Alabama and other parts of the South, the sheriff is put in the position of a recruiting agent for the employers of the convict labor; that about 87 per cent. of all convicts of the State are Negroes, many of whom, arrested for trifling offenses, have drifted into crime because of ignorance and the neglect of the State properly to educate them; that in spite of the regulations to protect these unfortunate slaves of the State, life in the convict camps to-day is more degrading and cruel than it ever was under the worst form of slavery."

Further comment on methods of treating criminals come from widely separate sources. The *Afro-American Ledger*, a colored paper, says:

"In a riot which occurred up in Connecticut during a strike a white woman was killed by a shot fired by one of the strikers. The shot was not intended for the woman, and so the defendants got off, although they were tried for murder. A colored man in South Baltimore shot at a colored man and the shot went astray and killed a colored woman. This man was tried for murder and convicted and is now waiting for the time of execution. Why the difference?"

A white paper, the Eatonton (Ga.) *Messenger*, commenting on the shooting of a Negro by a white man, says:

"It is hoped that, should he recover, his shooting will have a salutary effect upon his

future conduct. Impudent and obstreperous Negroes are getting entirely too numerous in this immediate section and an object lesson, a real first-class hanging, will undoubtedly put some check to the false teachings of many of their leaders and ''ciety houses.'"

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

An editorial in the Philadelphia *Bulletin* has been widely quoted in the South. It is entitled "The Negro as a Local Problem" and is of the well-known "leave-the-question-to-the-South" order; in a course of six inches of argument it turns an extraordinary logical somersault and declares that "certainly the problem is one which ultimately will demand the wisdom of the entire nation rather than of any section."

"The Negro in America is still a problem," says the Minneapolis *Tribune*. "Yet on we go inculcating the highest standards of personal refinement in these, our neighbors, only to bar their women from all the better hotels, to crowd them into segregated sections in the theatres, to run 'Jim Crow' cars for them in a third of our States, to teach them recreations they cannot follow with the rest of us.

"Coleridge-Taylor writes excellent modern music; Tanner paints excellent pictures; Dunbar writes excellent poetry. We receive them, hear them, talk with them—and shut them out. It is all so cruel a tragedy! But no thoughtful man has yet come forward with a remedy which either the Negro or white man could seriously consider."

The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* has this bit:

"The keen hatred which the South has against the Negro did not seem particularly interesting to the large audience which last night witnessed Edward Sheldon's play, 'The Nigger,' at the Greenpoint social settlement. Judged by the actions of the audience, the play sustained interest until almost the last, when the fact that Georgianna Byrd, a typical Southern belle, did not marry Philip Morrow, the governor, just because he was a 'Nigger,' was sincerely bemoaned.

"'It was a good show, but it didn't end right,' was the comment made by many of the 'regulars' in the lobby after the play."

The *American Israelite* declares that increase and wealth and refinement will not settle the Negro problem:

"As long as the Jew was pack peddler, pawnbroker, junk-shop keeper and old-clothes dealer and kept himself to himself, and bore himself with humanity toward his Christian neighbor, and showed that he appreciated their generosity in allowing him to live, there was little, if any, prejudice against him in the United States, generally speaking. But as soon as he and many of his brethren became wealthy and strove for social recognition, and the Jewish women began to rival their Christian sisters in dress, jewelry, equipage, and manner of living generally, the trouble began."

The Rev. H. P. Dewey, a white congregational minister of Minneapolis, declares for social equality without intermarriage:

"But what we contend is that no legislature shall prevent white children and black children from studying together under the same roof if they elect to do so, and that there shall be no criticism from any source if we choose to ask any man of whatsoever color or origin to sit at our table, or to sleep in our spare bedroom. We cannot legislate the social relationship. They are determined by influences more subtle and delicate than those exerted by the State. They are governed by other forces than the volition of man. They are fixed by the laws of nature and of nature's God. And who is the man who is at once the truest aristocrat and the truest democrat? He is the one who is possessed of the sane mind and the large heart and the honorable conscience and the resolute will. Sooner or later that man must find every door opened to him; he must be laureled and crowned without regard to the accident of his beginnings or of his complexion."

Prof. Charles Zueblin, lecturing in Boston, declares:

"It is all very well to glory in the thought that we are a superior race. History is strewn with the relics of superior races. The Romans became so enervated by slave-holding, taxes, conquests and luxuries that when they met the unspoiled hordes of the North they fell prone before them.

"We need to cultivate nationalism in this country and to avoid provincialism and racial antipathy. Provincialism is the result of immobility, not of nativity. The returned New Englander is as virile and valuable as the immigrant, but decadence threatens the stationary native. There is no prospect that all the racial elements in the United States will be fused, but if we cannot have race unity we can have race reciprocity."

A PHILOSOPHY FOR 1913.

I AM by birth and law a free black American citizen.

As such I have both rights and duties.

If I neglect my duties my rights are always in danger. If I do not maintain my rights I cannot perform my duties.

I will listen, therefore, neither to the fool who would make me neglect the things I ought to do, nor to the rascal who advises me to forget the opportunities which I and my children ought to have, and must have, and will have.

Boldly and without flinching, I will face the hard fact that in this, my fatherland, I must expect insult and discrimination from persons who call themselves philanthropists and Christains and gentlemen. I do not wish to meet this despicable attitude by blows; sometimes I cannot even protest by words; but may God forget me and mine if in time or eternity I ever weakly admit to myself or the world that wrong is not wrong, that insult is not insult, or that color discrimination is anything but an inhuman and damnable shame.

Believing this with my utmost soul, I shall fight race prejudice continually. If possible, I shall fight it openly and decidedly by word and deed. When that is not possible I will give of my money to help others to do the deed and say the word which I cannot. This contribution to the greatest of causes shall be my most sacred obligation.

Whenever I meet personal discrimination on account of my race and color I shall protest. If the discrimination is old and deep seated, and sanctioned by law, I shall deem it my duty to make my grievance known, to bring it before the organs of public opinion and to the attention of men of influence, and to urge relief in courts and legislatures.

I will not, because of inertia or timidity or even sensitiveness, allow new discriminations to become usual and habitual. To this end I will make it my duty without ostentation, but with firmness, to assert my right to vote, to frequent places of public entertainment and to appear as a man among men. I will religiously do this from time to time, even when personally I prefer the refuge of friends and family.

While thus fighting for Right and Justice, I will keep my soul clean and serene. I will not permit cruel and persistent persecution to deprive me of the luxury of friends, the enjoyment of laughter, the beauty of sunsets, or the inspiration of a well-written word. Without bitterness (but also without lies), without useless recrimination (but also without cowardly acquiescence), without unnecessary heartache (but with no self-deception), I will walk my way, with uplifted head and level eyes, respecting myself too much to endure without protest studied disrespect from others, and steadily refusing to assent to the silly exaltation of a mere tint of skin or curl of hair.

In fine, I will be a man and know myself to be one, even among those who secretly and openly deny my manhood, and I shall persistently and unwaveringly seek by every possible method to compel all men to treat me as I treat them.

EMANCIPATION.

FIFTY years ago, on the first day of January, 1863, the American people, by the hand of Abraham Lincoln, took the first formal and legal step to remove the unsightly shackles of slavery from the footstool of American liberty. They did not do this deed deliberately and with lofty purpose, but being forced into a war for the integrity of the Union, they found themselves compelled in self-defense to destroy the power of the South by depriving the South of slave labor and drafting slaves into Northern armies.

Once having realized that Liberty and Slavery were incompatible, the nation yielded, for a moment, leadership to its highest ideals: it gave black men not simply physical freedom, but it attempted to give them political freedom and economic freedom and social freedom. It knew then, as it knows now, that no people can be free unless they have the right to vote, the right to land and capital and the right to choose their friends. To call a man free who has not these rights is to mock him and bewilder him and debase him. This the nation knew, and for a time it tried to be true to its nobler self. But social reform costs money and time, and if it seeks to right in a generation three centuries of unspeakable oppression it faces a task of awful proportions. Facing this task and finding it hard, the nation faltered, quibbled and finally is trying an actual *volte-face*. It has allowed the right to vote to be taken from one and a half out of two million black voters. It has allowed growing land monopoly and a labor legislation that means peonage, child labor and the defilement of women. And above all it has insisted on such barriers to decent human intercourse and understanding between the races that to-day few white men dare call a Negro friend.

The result of this silly and suicidal policy has been crime, lynching, mob law, poverty, disease and social unrest. But in spite of this the Negro has refused to believe that the present hesitation and hypocrisy of America is final. Buoyed then by an unfaltering faith, he accumulates property, educates his children, and even enters the world of literature and art. Indeed, so firm has been his faith that large numbers of Negroes have even assented to waive all discussion of their rights, consent to present disfranchisement and do just as far as possible exactly what America wants them to do. But even here let there be no mistake; with Negro agitators and Negro submissionists there is the one goal: eventual full American citizenship with all rights and opportunities of citizens. Remove this hope and you weld ten million men into one unwavering mass who will speak with one voice.

Yet, after fifty years of attempted liberty, the reactionary South and the acquiescent North come forward with this program:

1. The absolute disfranchisement of all citizens of Negro descent forever.
2. The curtailment and regulation of property rights by segregation.
3. Strictly limited education of Negro children as servants and laborers.
4. The absolute subjection of Negro women by prohibition of legal marriage between races.
5. The eventual driving of the Negro out of the land by disease, starvation or mob violence.

Every single item in this program has powerful and active support in the halls of legislatures, in the courts of justice, in the editorial rooms of periodicals, and in the councils of Southern secret societies.

There are many organizations working against this program, but in most cases the opposition is not vigorous and direct, but apologetic and explanatory, and based on temporary philanthropic

relief, rather than eternal justice. We have friends of the Negro who oppose disfranchisement by a program of partial and temporary and indefinite disfranchisement; who tell the Negro to buy property and ignore ghetto legislation; who believe in caste education and hotly accuse others who do not of being ashamed of work; who would preserve one foolish white woman if it costs the degradation of ten innocent colored girls, and who would greet the death of every black man in the world with a sigh of infinite relief.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People almost alone stands for a frank, open, front, forward attack on the reactionary Southern program. It demands a nation-wide fight for human rights, regardless of race and color; it calls for real democracy, social and economic justice, and a respect for women which is not confined to women of one privileged class.

In this fight we want your help. We need it desperately. The nation needs it. How in Heaven's name shall Liberty and Justice survive in this land if we do not oppose this program of slavery and injustice? Abraham Lincoln began the emancipation of the Negro-American. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People proposes to complete it.

OUR OWN CONSENT.

WE should remember that in these days great groups of men are not long oppressed but by their own consent. Oppression costs the oppressor too much if the oppressed stand up and protest. The protest need not be merely physical—the throwing of stones and bullets—if it is mental and spiritual, if it expresses itself in silent, persistent dissatisfaction, the cost to the oppressor is terrific.

This fact we continually forget. We say: the South is in saddle; what can we do against twenty millions? The white oppressor rules; of what avail is agitation against ninety millions?

If you doubt the efficacy of agitation and protest, ask yourself: Why is the reactionary oligarchic South so afraid of even one protesting voice? Why are the Northern doughfaces, their millionaire backers and their allied teachers in Southern schools so panicstricken at one small voice? Why is the American Negro hater always so anxious to affirm that the Negro assents to his chains and insults, or that the "responsible" Negroes assent, or that "the only real Negro leader" assents? Is it because they know that when one protesting voice finds its fellows it may find soon ten millions? And when ten million voices are raised to say:

Disfranchisement is undemocratic; "Jim Crow" legislation adds insult to theft; "color discrimination is barbarism—"

When ten million voices say this they will, they must, be heard. And when their cause is once heard, its justice will be evident and its triumph sure. Agitate then, brother; protest, reveal the truth and refuse to be silenced. The most damnable canker at the heart of America is her treatment of colored folk.

IN ACCOUNT WITH THE OLD YEAR.

CREDIT.

FULL fifty years of freedom and celebrations planned in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Defeat of the "grandfather clause" in Arkansas.

Enfranchisement of 50,000 colored women.

The independent political vote.

Several civil rights cases won.

Large new Y. M. C. A. buildings planned in Chicago and Indianapolis and finished in Washington.

Census reports showing the reduction of our illiteracy to 30 per cent.

Continued increase in property holding throughout the nation.

Promotion of Major Young.

Promotion of Lieutenant of Police Childs.

Establishment of Lincoln Institute.

In art and letters: Two doctors of philosophy, two artists and the "Autobiography of an ex-Colored Man."

DEBIT.

Over sixty lynchings.

Segregation laws and ordinances.

The color bar in the American Bar Association.

The Roosevelt disfranchisement.

The hanging of a colored girl.

The deaths of Coleridge-Taylor, Frederick McGhee, Josephine Silone-Yates, Drs. Boyd and McClennan, Bishop Gaines, George Sale and Mary Dunlop Maclean.

50,000.

IN February, 1911, we asked for 10,000 readers. We had them inside of two months. In April, 1911, we asked for 25,000 readers. We expect to have that number for our coming Easter issue. We ask now for complete financial independence and the assurance of permanence. This means 50,000 readers. If every present reader of THE CRISIS will send us one more the goal of our present ambition will practically be reached. This may be done in many ways: You can bring the magazine to the attention of persons who do not know of it. Their thanks will then be added to ours. You may give the magazine as a present to a friend—twelve presents; in fact, twelve monthly reminders of your thoughtfulness. What cheaper Christmas or birthday present could you give and what more valuable one? You may subscribe and have the magazine sent to some white friend who needs to know the truth as we see it. One club in Topeka has sent us fifteen subscriptions and ordered THE CRISIS sent to fifteen of the most prominent white men in the city. One hospital sent us 100 subscriptions for its white donors, that the truth might make them free. Do you not know some white man in your town who needs THE CRISIS?

Perhaps you want to raise money or buy books for a church or other organization; get up a club of CRISIS subscribers and use the liberal premiums for your purpose.

At any rate give us 50,000 readers before January 1, 1915.

LETTERS

Yesterday I was talking to an assembly of colored men and women. About a hundred were present at the meeting. I want to tell you in a very personal way that I was greatly impressed with the character and the presumed environment of all these ladies and gentlemen. Ten years seem to me to have given a distinct lifting to the best part of your people.

I venture to transmit to you this bit of evidence. It is of no value in itself, but it may have value taken in connection with other places.

CHARLES F. THWING.

I cannot refrain from writing you to express my keen indignation at the scurrilous article respecting you originating in the *Bee* (rather too busy to be thoughtful or even moral) and reprinted in other Negro newspapers. You very well know that I do not always agree with you or with THE CRISIS, but the brutal and untruthful criticisms of you contained in this article are such as I think no honest friend of the Negro should permit to pass without at least a word of sympathy to you. One often wonders whether such things are worth the notice of a gentleman, and ordinarily they would not

be. The only possible seriousness attaching to such an utterance and to the person out of whose mouth it came is that the thoughtless will assume the truthfulness of the only two points which give the aforementioned article any character: First, that you do nothing; and, secondly, that your fundamental sympathies are not with the Negroes. The man who has engineered or inspired the gathering of most of the knowledge we now have respecting the conditions of the American Negro has provided the basis for all activities of a louder and more palpable sort. If there were any comparison, and if knowledge be the basis of intelligent action, such accomplishment is not only first in order of time, but also first in order of importance. The man, furthermore, who has kept before his people the cultural and the human ideal (whether his method of so doing is wise or not is not now the important point) has performed for all time, and particularly for this generation, a service so important as to constitute it a norm of true progress. In my individual opinion your method of service has not been one which I myself would always have chosen; but the method of self-manifestation of any individual is primarily his own, and no one has the right to belie a fact because the method of its discovery or of its realization does not happen to please him.

I would like to call to your attention and to that of readers of THE CRISIS the remarkable and deep-visioned article "The Negro Consciousness and Democracy" in the *Public* of August 30. To my mind the great danger of the Negro in America is not that he will not become economically competent and powerful, but that the forces and the motives which play upon and in him will drive him along the same old dreary road which the white man has so long followed, and which, thank God, his conscience is now impelling him to desert for a better, even if a more difficult path. If it were not for the ideals which Dr. Crogman, you, Professor Kelly Miller and many another brave colored man are preaching, the future of the Negro would be much more dubious than if he continued for a time to lack the economic competency and wealth momentum the necessity of which is so insistently dinned into his ears.

Faithfully yours,

SAMUEL H. BISHOP.

Can you give me any information that might help in my advice to one of my parishioners, who is seeking assistance in regard to the possibility of her daughter getting some paid opportunity either in social-settlement work or as a stenographer under somebody who would treat her decently?

You will understand my difficulty when I tell you that my parishioner has the misfortune to be colored. That, you know, in this land of godly enlightenment and human liberty, is a crime! It is a cause for profanity to know that there is increasing difficulty for people of color to find occupation beyond running an elevator or going out to service, just because they are colored. In plain English, it is damnable! And is but sowing the seeds that, one day, will grow a crop of hatred and war.

The girl is now in —— College, taking the secretarial course, and she is very competent. She will be ready in a year's time. But in trying to find some little opportunity for her to try her hand at social-settlement work, during last summer's vacation, the fact was revealed that she is not wanted, even in philanthropy, just because she is colored. Therefore her mother is getting anxious for fear that she will have no opportunity to use her gifts after she has trained them at ———— She could go South, but that means hell for a colored girl. One was subjected to the indignity, recently, of being compelled to stay all night in the toilet on a journey South. They wouldn't sell her a stateroom. Some colored girls coming up from the South had to stay a while in the railroad station in a large Southern city. The room for colored persons was being repaired. They went, naturally, into the other waiting room. With what result? They were arrested, marched by the officer to the police station and fined! And these are some of the reasons why the mother fears to have her daughter go South and is seeking employment for her in Boston or New York.

AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.

You have fused new life and vigor to bring together a mighty host that will continue to plead for the advancements and every right the Constitution stands for.

JAMES T. BRADFORD,
Philadelphia, Pa.

A HOLIDAY SUGGESTION

By M. V. CLARK

THE State Charities Aid Association places friendless children from orphan asylums in carefully selected family homes throughout the State of New York and in adjoining States. During the past fifteen years ninety-six colored children have been provided with good homes. Here are some of the pictures of the children already placed out and a few pictures of children who are waiting for homes. There are a great many colored children in orphan asylums in various parts of the State. Hundreds of them are in institutions where both white and colored are received. In the three institutions for the colored alone there are nearly 800 children, many of them deprived by death or desertion of the parents who should care for them. About 600 of these are little boys and girls between five and fourteen years of age, and about a hundred are between two and five. Many of these little ones will remain all their young lives in an orphan asylum, only to go out at fourteen or sixteen into a friendless world with no one to turn to for love, sympathy and counsel. People who have visited orphanages cannot know just how monotonous is the daily routine of a big institution to the children who live there day after day and year after year. Even in the smaller and more homelike institutions there is nothing that quite takes the place of the parents' individual love and care. Children need individual and not wholesale treatment; homes are made for children; that is what they are for, and everyone who has a childless home ought to want a child. Childless couples, widows and spinsters living alone in comfortable homes without children are missing a great opportunity. Their lives would be made much brighter and happier by the affection of some of the little ones now in institutions. The pictures of the boys and girls who have been placed in homes are a sufficient indication of their well-being and happiness, and of the good care that they are getting from their loving foster-parents.

The association is very careful in the selection of homes for the children for which it is responsible, sending one of its agents to visit, personally, the family who applies for a child, to talk with them about their requirements, to see what sort of a home they offer, and to interview, confidentially, persons in the neighborhood knowing them, who can give reliable testimony regarding their character and standing in the community, and the kind of a chance that they are likely to offer a friendless child. If the home thus visited and investigated seems to be a good one, a child is selected who will as nearly as possible fit into that particular home, and meet the special requirements of that individual family. Then by frequent correspondence and occasional visits the association keeps in touch with the family and the child and stands ready in case of misfortune to make other provision for the little one.

When there are brothers and sisters brought to the attention of the society, an effort is made to put them either in the same home or with families who are friends and neighbors, where they can attend the same school and keep in touch with one another.

Would not some family or some two neighbors like to provide such a home or homes for a little brother and sister? They are attached to each other and hope they will not have to be separated. One little three-year-old boy in the picture has a twelve-year-old brother who has already been placed in a good home, but they were separated when the little one was too young to remember his elder brother, so it does not matter if he goes by himself.

The association would be glad to have the co-operation of the readers of THE CRISIS in its work for these homeless colored children. Will you either take one of these friendless little ones into your home or speak to your friends who are childless, or whose children are grown up, and suggest to them the desirability of their making a home for another child?

Letters sent to THE CRISIS will find us quickly.

FIVE LITTLE PRESENTS

EMMY

By JESSIE FAUSET

(Concluded from the December CRISIS.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

(Emmy, a pretty brown girl of Central Pennsylvania, is engaged to Archie Ferrers, a young engineer, whose Negro blood is just perceptible. Archie has secured employment with the large engineering firm of Mr. Nicholas Fields of Philadelphia. Fields assumes that Archie is of foreign extraction and Archie has not undeceived him. Emmy and her mother are spending a week with Archie in the city.)

V.

NOT even for lovers can a week last forever. Archie had kept till the last day what he considered his choicest bit of exploring. This was to take Emmy down into old Philadelphia and show her how the city had grown up from the waterfront—and by means of what tortuous self-governing streets. It was a sight at once dear and yet painful to his methodical, mathematical mind. They had explored Dock and Beach Streets, and had got over into Shackamaxon, where he showed her Penn Treaty Park, and they had sat in the little pavilion overlooking the Delaware.

Not many colored people came through this vicinity, and the striking pair caught many a wondering, as well as admiring, glance. They caught, too, the aimless, wandering eye of Mr. Nicholas Fields as he lounged, comfortably smoking, on the rear of a "Gunner's Run" car, on his way to Shackamaxon Ferry. Something in the young fellow's walk seemed vaguely familiar to him, and he leaned way out toward the sidewalk to see who that he knew could be over in this cheerless, forsaken locality.

"Gad!" he said to himself in surprise, "if it isn't young Ferrers, with a lady, too! Hello, why it's a colored woman! Ain't he a rip? Always thought he seemed too proper. Got her dressed to death, too; so that's how his money goes!" He dismissed the matter with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders.

Perhaps he would never have thought of it again had not Archie, rushing into the office a trifle late the next morning, caromed directly into him.

"Oh, it's you," he said, receiving his clerk's smiling apology. "What d'you mean by knocking into anybody like that?" Mr. Fields was facetious with his favorite employees. "Evidently your Shackamaxon trip upset you a little. Where'd you get your black Venus, my boy? I'll bet you don't have one cent to rub against another at the end of a month. Oh, you needn't get red; boys will be boys, and everyone to his taste. Clarkson," he broke off, crossing to his secretary, "if Mr. Hunter calls me up, hold the 'phone and send over to the bank for me."

He had gone, and Archie, white now and shaken, entered his own little room. He sat down at the desk and sank his head in his hands. It had taken a moment for the insult to Emmy to sink in, but even when it did the thought of his own false position had held him back. The shame of it bit into him.

"I'm a coward," he said to himself, staring miserably at the familiar wall. "I'm a wretched cad to let him think that of Emmy—Emmy! and she the whitest angel that

ONCE SHE SAID: "NOW THIS, I SUPPOSE, IS WHAT THEY CALL A TRAGEDY."

ever lived, purity incarnate." His cowardice made him sick. "I'll go and tell him," he said, and started for the door.

"If you do," whispered common sense, "you'll lose your job and then what would become of you? After all Emmy need never know."

"But I'll always know I didn't defend her," he answered back silently.

"He's gone out to the bank anyhow," went on the inward opposition. "What's the use of rushing in there and telling him before the whole board of directors?"

"Well, then, when he comes back," he capitulated, but he felt himself weaken.

But Mr. Fields didn't come back. When Mr. Hunter called him up, Clarkson connected him with the bank, with the result that Mr. Fields left for Reading in the course of an hour. He didn't come back for a week.

Meanwhile Archie tasted the depths of self-abasement. "But what am I to do?" he groaned to himself at nights. "If I tell him I'm colored he'll kick me out, and if I go anywhere else I'd run the same risk. If I'd only knocked him down! After all she'll never know and I'll make it up to her. I'll be so good to her—dear little Emmy! But how could I know that he would take that view of it—beastly low mind he must have!" He colored up like a girl at the thought of it.

He passed the week thus, alternately reviling and defending himself. He knew now though that he would never have the courage to tell. The economy of the thing he decided was at least as important as the principle. And always he wrote to Emmy letters of such passionate adoration that the girl for all her natural steadiness was carried off her feet.

"How he loves me," she thought happily. "If mother is willing I believe—yes, I will—I'll marry him Christmas. But I won't tell him till he comes Thanksgiving."

When Mr. Fields came back he sent immediately for his son Peter. The two held some rather stormy consultations, which were renewed for several days. Peter roomed in town, while his father lived out at Chestnut Hill. Eventually Archie was sent for.

"You're not looking very fit, my boy." Mr. Fields greeted him kindly; "working too hard I suppose over those specifications. Well, here's a tonic for you. This last week has shown me that I need someone younger than myself to take a hand in the business. I'm getting too old or too tired or something. Anyhow I'm played out.

"I've tried to make this young man here, —with an angry glance at his son—"see that the mantle ought to fall on him, but he won't hear of it. Says the business can stop for all he cares; he's got enough money anyway. Gad, in my day young men liked to work, instead of dabbling around in this filthy social settlement business—with a lot of old maids."

Peter smiled contentedly. "Sally in our alley, what?" he put in diabolically. The older man glared at him, exasperated.

"Now look here, Ferrers," he went on abruptly. "I've had my eye on you ever since you first came. I don't know a thing about you outside of Mr. Fallon's recommendation, but I can see you've got good stuff in you—and what's more, you're a born engineer. If you had some money, I'd take you into partnership at once, but I believe you told me that all you had was your salary." Archie nodded.

"Well, now, I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to take you in as a sort of silent partner, teach you the business end of the concern, and in the course of a few years, place the greater part of the management in your hands. You can see you won't lose by it. Of course I'll still be head, and after I step out Peter will take my place, though only nominally I suppose."

He sighed; his son's business defection was a bitter point with him. But that imperturbable young man only nodded.

"The boss guessed right the very first time," he paraphrased cheerfully. "You bet I'll be head in name only. Young Ferrers, there's just the man for the job. What d'you say, Archie?"

The latter tried to collect himself. "Of course I accept it, Mr. Fields, and I—I don't think you'll ever regret it." He actually stammered. Was there ever such wonderful luck?

"Oh, that's all right," Mr. Fields went on, "you wouldn't be getting this chance if you didn't deserve it. See here, what about your boarding out at Chestnut Hill for a year or two? Then I can lay my hands on you any time, and you can get hold of things that much sooner. You live on Green Street, don't you? Well, give your landlady a

month's notice and quit the 1st of December. A young man coming on like you ought to be thinking of a home anyway. Can't find some nice girl to marry you, what?"

Archie, flushing a little, acknowledged his engagement.

"Good, that's fine!" Then with sudden recollection—"Oh, so you're reformed. Well, I thought you'd get over that. Can't settle down too soon. A lot of nice little cottages out there at Chestnut Hill. Peter, your mother says she wishes you'd come out to dinner to-night. The youngest Wilton girl is to be there, I believe. Guess that's all for this afternoon, Ferrers."

VI.

ARCHIE walked up Chestnut Street on air. "It's better to be born lucky than rich," he reflected. "But I'll be rich, too—and what a lot I can do for Emmy. Glad I didn't tell Mr. Fields now. Wonder what those 'little cottages' out to Chestnut Hill sell for. Emmy——" He stopped short, struck by a sudden realization.

"Why, I must be stark, staring crazy," he said to himself, standing still right in the middle of Chestnut Street. A stout gentleman whom his sudden stopping had seriously incommoded gave him, as he passed by, a vicious prod with his elbow. It started him on again.

"If I hadn't clean forgotten all about it. Oh, Lord, what am I to do? Of course Emmy can't go out to Chestnut Hill to live—well, that would be a give-away. And he advised me to live out there for a year or two—and he knows I'm engaged, and—now—making more than enough to marry on."

He turned aimlessly down 19th Street, and spying Rittenhouse Square sat down in it. The cutting November wind swirled brown, crackling leaves right into his face, but he never saw one of them.

When he arose again, long after his dinner hour, he had made his decision. After all Emmy was a sensible girl; she knew he had only his salary to depend on. And, of course, he wouldn't have to stay out in Chestnut Hill forever. They could buy, or perhaps—he smiled proudly—even build now, far out in West Philadelphia, as far as possible away from Mr. Fields. He'd just ask her to postpone their marriage—perhaps for two years. He sighed a little, for he was very much in love.

"It seems funny that prosperity should make a fellow put off his happiness," he thought ruefully, swinging himself aboard a North 19th Street car.

He decided to go to Plainville and tell her about it—he could go up Saturday afternoon. "Let's see, I can get an express to Harrisburg, and a sleeper to Plainville, and come back Sunday afternoon. Emmy'll like a surprise like that." He thought of their improvised trip to the Academy and how she had made him buy gallery seats. "Lucky she has that little saving streak in her. She'll see through the whole thing like a brick." His simile made him smile. As soon as he reached home he scribbled her a note:

"I'm coming Sunday," he said briefly, "and I have something awfully important to ask you. I'll be there only from 3 to 7. 'When Time let's slip one little perfect hour,' that's that Omar thing you're always quoting, isn't it? Well, there'll be four perfect hours this trip."

All the way on the slow poky local from Harrisburg he pictured her surprise. "I guess she won't mind the postponement one bit," he thought with a brief pang. "She never was keen on marrying. Girls certainly are funny. Here she admits she's in love and willing to marry, and yet she's always hung fire about the date." He dozed fitfully.

As a matter of fact Emmy had fixed the date. "Of course," she said to herself happily, "the 'something important' is that he wants me to marry him right away. Well, I'll tell him that I will, Christmas. Dear old Archie coming all this distance to ask me that. I'll let him beg me two or three times first, and then I'll tell him. Won't he be pleased? I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he went down on his knees again." She flushed a little, thinking of that first wonderful time.

"Being in love is just—dandy," she decided. "I guess I'll wear my red dress."

Afterward the sight of that red dress always caused Emmy a pang of actual physical anguish. She never saw it without seeing, too, every detail of that disastrous Sunday afternoon. Archie had come—she had gone to the door to meet him—they had lingered happily in the hall a few moments, and then she had brought him in to her mother and Céleste.

The old French woman had kissed him on

both cheeks. "See, then it's thou, my cherished one!" she cried ecstatically. "How long a time it is since thou art here."

Mrs. Carrel's greeting, though not so demonstrative, was no less sincere, and when the two were left to themselves "the cherished one" was radiant.

"My, but your mother can make a fellow feel welcome, Emmy. She doesn't say much but what she does, goes."

Emmy smiled a little absently. The gray mist outside in the sombre garden, the fire crackling on the hearth and casting ruddy shadows on Archie's hair, the very red of her dress, Archie himself—all this was making for her a picture, which she saw repeated on endless future Sunday afternoons in Philadelphia. She sighed contentedly.

"I've got something to tell you, sweetheart," said Archie.

"It's coming," she thought. "Oh, isn't it lovely! Of all the people in the world—he loves me, loves me!" She almost missed the beginning of his story. For he was telling her of Mr. Fields and his wonderful offer.

When she finally caught the drift of what he was saying she was vaguely disappointed. He was talking business, in which she was really very little interested. The "saving streak" which Archie had attributed to her was merely sporadic, and was due to a nice girl's delicacy at having money spent on her by a man. But, of course, she listened.

"So you see the future is practically settled—there's only one immediate drawback," he said earnestly. She shut her eyes—it was coming after all.

He went on a little puzzled by her silence; "only one drawback, and that is that, of course, we can't be married for at least two years yet."

Her eyes flew open. "Not marry for two years! Why—why ever not?"

Even then he might have saved the situation by telling her first of his own cruel disappointment, for her loveliness, as she sat there, all glowing red and bronze in the firelit dusk, smote him very strongly.

But he only floundered on.

"Why, Emmy, of course, you can see—you're so much darker than I—anybody can tell at a glance what you—er—are." He was crude, he knew it, but he couldn't see how to help himself. "And we'd have to live at Chestnut Hill, at first, right there near the Fields', and there'd be no way with you there to keep people from knowing that I—that—oh, confound it all—Emmy, you must understand! You don't mind, do you? You know you never were keen on marrying anyway. If we were both the same color—why, Emmy, what is it?"

For she had risen and was looking at him as though he were someone entirely strange. Then she turned and gazed unseeingly out the window. So that was it—the "something important"—he was ashamed of her, of her color; he was always talking about a white man's chances. Why, of course, how foolish she'd been all along—how could he be white with her at his side? And she had thought he had come to urge her to marry him at once—the sting of it sent her head up higher. She turned and faced him, her beautiful silhouette distinctly outlined against the gray blur of the window. She wanted to hurt him—she was quite cool now.

"I have something to tell you, too, Archie," she said evenly. "I've been meaning to tell you for some time. It seems I've been making a mistake all along. I don't really love you"—she was surprised dully that the words didn't choke her—"so, of course, I can't marry you. I was wondering how I could get out of it—you can't think how tiresome it's all been." She had to stop.

He was standing, frozen, motionless like something carved.

"This seems as good an opportunity as any—oh, here's your ring," she finished, holding it out to him coldly. It was a beautiful diamond, small but flawless—the only thing he'd ever gone into debt for.

The statue came to life. "Emmy, you're crazy," he cried passionately, seizing her by the wrist. "You've got the wrong idea. You think I don't want you to marry me. What a cad you must take me for. I only asked you to postpone it a little while, so we'd be happier afterward. I'm doing it all for you, girl. I never dreamed—it's preposterous, Emmy! And you can't say you don't love me—that's all nonsense!"

But she clung to her lie desperately.

"No, really, Archie, I don't love you one bit; of course I like you awfully—let go my wrist, you can think how strong you are. I should have told you long ago, but I hadn't the heart—and it really was interesting." No grand lady on the stage could have been more detached. He should know, too, how it felt not to be wanted.

He was at her feet now, clutching desperately, as she retreated, at her dress—the red dress she had donned so bravely. He couldn't believe in her heartlessness. "You must love me, Emmy, and even if you don't you must marry me anyway. Why, you promised—you don't know what it means to me, Emmy—it's my very life—I've never even dreamed of another woman but you! Take it back, Emmy, you can't mean it."

But she convinced him that she could. "I wish you'd stop, Archie," she said wearily; "this is awfully tiresome. And, anyway, I think you'd better go now if you want to catch your train."

He stumbled to his feet, the life all out of him. In the hall he turned around: "You'll say good-by to your mother for me," he said mechanically. She nodded. He opened the front door. It seemed to close of its own accord behind him.

She came back into the sitting room, wondering why the place had suddenly grown so intolerably hot. She opened a window. From somewhere out of the gray mists came the strains of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" executed with exceeding mournfulness on an organ. The girl listened with a curious detached intentness.

"That must be Willie Holborn," she thought; "no one else could play as wretchedly as that." She crossed heavily to the armchair and flung herself in it. Her mind seemed to go on acting as though it were clockwork and she were watching it.

Once she said: "Now this, I suppose, is what they call a tragedy." And again: "He did get down on his knees."

VII.

THERE was nothing detached or impersonal in Archie's consideration of his plight. All through the trip home, through the long days that followed and the still longer nights, he was in torment. Again and again he went over the scene.

"She was making a plaything out of me," he chafed bitterly. "All these months she's been only fooling. And yet I wonder if she really meant it, if she didn't just do it to make it easier for me to be white. If that's the case what an insufferable cad she must take me for. No, she couldn't have cared for me, because if she had she'd have seen through it all right away."

By the end of ten days he had worked himself almost into a fever. His burning face and shaking hands made him resolve, as he dressed that morning, to 'phone the office that he was too ill to come to work.

"And I'll stay home and write her a letter that she'll have to answer." For although he had sent her one and sometimes two letters every day ever since his return, there had been no reply.

"She must answer that," he said to himself at length, when the late afternoon shadows were creeping in. He had torn up letter after letter—he had been proud and beseeching by turns. But in this last he had laid his very heart bare.

"And if she doesn't answer it"—it seemed to him he couldn't face the possibility. He was at the writing desk where her picture stood in its little silver frame. It had been there all that day. As a rule he kept it locked up, afraid of what it might reveal to his landlady's vigilant eye. He sat there, his head bowed over the picture, wondering dully how he should endure his misery.

Someone touched him on the shoulder.

"Gad, boy," said Mr. Nicholas Fields, "here I thought you were sick in bed, and come here to find you mooning over a picture. What's the matter? Won't the lady have you? Let's see who it is that's been breaking you up so." Archie watched him in fascinated horror, while he picked up the photograph and walked over to the window. As he scanned it his expression changed.

"Oh," he said, with a little puzzled frown and yet laughing, too, "it's your colored lady friend again. Won't she let you go? That's the way with these black women, once they get hold of a white man—bleed 'em to death. I don't see how you can stand them anyway; it's the Spanish in you, I suppose. Better get rid of her before you get married. Hello——" he broke off.

For Archie was standing menacingly over him. "If you say another word about that girl I'll break every rotten bone in your body."

"Oh, come," said Mr. Fields, still pleasant, "isn't that going it a little too strong? Why, what can a woman like that mean to you?"

"She can mean," said the other slowly, "everything that the woman who has promised to be my wife ought to mean." The broken engagement meant nothing in a time like this.

Mr. Fields forgot his composure. "To be your wife! Why, you idiot, you—you'd ruin

yourself—marry a Negro—have you lost your senses? Oh, I suppose it's some of your crazy foreign notions. In this country white gentlemen don't marry colored women."

Archie had not expected this loophole. He hesitated, then with a shrug he burnt all his bridges behind him. One by one he saw his ambitions flare up and vanish.

"No, you're right," he rejoined. "White gentlemen don't, but colored men do." Then he waited calmly for the avalanche.

It came. "You mean," said Mr. Nicholas Fields, at first with only wonder and then with growing suspicion in his voice, "you mean that you're colored?" Archie nodded and watched him turn into a maniac.

"Why, you low-lived young blackguard, you——" he swore horribly. "And you've let me think all this time——" He broke off again, hunting for something insulting enough to say. "You Nigger!" he hurled at him. He really felt there was nothing worse, so he repeated it again and again with fresh imprecations.

"I think," said Archie, "that that will do. I shouldn't like to forget myself, and I'm in a pretty reckless mood to-day. You must remember, Mr. Fields, you didn't ask me who I was, and I had no occasion to tell you. Of course I won't come back to the office."

"If you do," said Mr. Fields, white to the lips, "I'll have you locked up if I have to perjure my soul to find a charge against you. I'll show you what a white man can do—you——"

But Archie had taken him by the shoulder and pushed him outside the door.

"And that's all right," he said to himself with a sudden heady sense of liberty. He surveyed himself curiously in the mirror. "Wouldn't anybody think I had changed into some horrible ravening beast. Lord, how that one little word changed him." He ruminated over the injustice—the petty, foolish injustice of the whole thing.

"I don't believe," he said slowly, "it's worth while having a white man's chances if one has to be like that. I see what Emmy used to be driving at now." The thought of her sobered him.

"If it should be on account of my chances that you're letting me go," he assured the picture gravely, "it's all quite unnecessary, for I'll never have another opportunity like that."

In which he was quite right. It even looked as though he couldn't get any work at all along his own line. There was no demand for colored engineers.

"If you keep your mouth shut," one man said, "and not let the other clerks know what you are I might try you for awhile." There was nothing for him to do but accept. At the end of two weeks—the day before Thanksgiving—he found out that the men beside him, doing exactly the same kind of work as his own, were receiving for it five dollars more a week. The old injustice based on color had begun to hedge him in. It seemed to him that his unhappiness and humiliation were more than he could stand.

VIII.

BUT at least his life was occupied. Emmy, on the other hand, saw her own life stretching out through endless vistas of empty, useless days. She grew thin and listless, all the brightness and vividness of living toned down for her into one gray, flat monotony. By Thanksgiving Day the strain showed its effects on her very plainly.

Her mother, who had listened in her usual silence when her daughter told her the cause of the broken engagement, tried to help her.

"Emmy," she said, "you're probably doing Archie an injustice. I don't believe he ever dreamed of being ashamed of you. I think it is your own wilful pride that is at fault. You'd better consider carefully—if you are making a mistake you'll regret it to the day of your death. The sorrow of it will never leave you."

Emmy was petulant. "Oh, mother, what can you know about it? Céleste says you married when you were young, even younger than I—married to the man you loved, and you were with him, I suppose, till he died. You couldn't know how I feel." She fell to staring absently out the window. It was a long time before her mother spoke again.

"No, Emmy," she finally began again very gravely, "I wasn't with your father till he died. That is why I'm speaking to you as I am. I had sent him away—we had quarrelled—oh, I was passionate enough when I was your age, Emmy. He was jealous—he was a West Indian—I suppose Céleste has told you—and one day he came past the sitting room—it was just like this one, overlooking the garden. Well, as he glanced in the window he saw a man, a white man, put

his arms around me and kiss me. When he came in through the side door the man had gone. I was just about to explain—no, tell him—for I didn't know he had seen me when he began." She paused a little, but presently went on in her even, dispassionate voice:

"He was furious, Emmy; oh, he was so angry, and he accused me—oh, my dear! He was almost insane. But it was really because he loved me. And then I became angry and I wouldn't tell him anything. And finally, Emmy, he struck me—you mustn't blame him, child; remember, it was the same spirit showing in both of us, in different ways. I was doing all I could to provoke him by keeping silence and he merely retaliated in his way. The blow wouldn't have harmed a little bird. But—well, Emmy, I think I must have gone crazy. I ordered him from the house—it had been my mother's—and I told him never, never to let me see him again." She smiled drearily.

"I never did see him again. After he left Céleste and I packed up our things and came here to America. You were the littlest thing, Emmy. You can't remember living in France at all, can you? Well, when your father found out where I was he wrote and asked me to forgive him and to let him come back. 'I am on my knees,' the letter said. I wrote and told him yes—I loved him, Emmy; oh, child, you with your talk of color; you don't know what love is. If you really loved Archie you'd let him marry you and lock you off, away from all the world, just so long as you were with him.

"I was so happy," she resumed. "I hadn't seen him for two years. Well, he started—he was in Hayti then; he got to New York safely and started here. There was a wreck—just a little one—only five people killed, but he was one of them. He was so badly mangled, they wouldn't even let me see him."

"Oh!" breathed Emmy. "Oh, mother!" After a long time she ventured a question. "Who was the other man, mother?"

"The other man? Oh! that was my father; my mother's guardian, protector, everything, but not her husband. She was a slave, you know, in New Orleans, and he helped her to get away. He took her to Hayti first, and then, afterward, sent her over to France, where I was born. He never ceased in his kindness. After my mother's death I didn't see him for ten years, not till after I was married. That was the time Emile—you were named for your father, you know—saw him kiss me. Mr. Pechegru, my father, was genuinely attached to my mother, I think, and had come after all these years to make some reparation. It was through him I first began translating for the publishers. You know yourself how my work has grown."

She was quite ordinary and matter of fact again. Suddenly her manner changed.

"I lost him when I was 22. Emmy—think of it—and my life has been nothing ever since. That's why I want you to think—to consider——" She was weeping passionately now.

Her mother in tears! To Emmy it was as though the world lay in ruins about her feet.

IX.

AS it happened Mrs. Carrel's story only plunged her daughter into deeper gloom.

"It couldn't have happened at all if we hadn't been colored," she told herself moodily. "If grandmother hadn't been colored she wouldn't have been a slave, and if she hadn't been a slave—That's what it is, color—color—it's wrecked mother's life and now it's wrecking mine."

She couldn't get away from the thought of it. Archie's words, said so long ago, came back to her: "Just wait till color keeps you from the thing you want the most," he had told her.

"It must be wonderful to be white," she said to herself, staring absently at the Stevenson motto on the wall of her little room. She went up close and surveyed it unseeingly. "If only I weren't colored," she thought. She checked herself angrily, enveloped by a sudden sense of shame. "It doesn't seem as though I could be the same girl."

A thin ray of cold December sunlight picked out from the motto a little gilded phrase: "To renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered." She read it over and over and smiled whimsically.

"I've renounced—there's no question about that," she thought, "but no one could expect me not to be bitter."

If she could just get up strength enough, she reflected, as the days passed by, she would try to be cheerful in her mother's presence. But it was so easy to be melancholy.

About a week before Christmas her mother went to New York. She would see her publishers and do some shopping and would be back Christmas Eve. Emmy was really glad to see her go.

"I'll spend that time in getting myself together," she told herself, "and when mother comes back I'll be all right." Nevertheless, for the first few days she was, if anything, more listless than ever. But Christmas Eve and the prospect of her mother's return gave her a sudden brace.

"Without bitterness," she kept saying to herself, "to renounce without bitterness." Well, she would—she would. When her mother came back she should be astonished. She would even wear the red dress. But the sight of it made her weak; she couldn't put it on. But she did dress herself very carefully in white, remembering how gay she had been last Christmas Eve. She had put mistletoe in her hair and Archie had taken it out.

"I don't have to have mistletoe," he had whispered to her proudly.

In the late afternoon she ran out to Holborn's. As she came back 'round the corner she saw the stage drive away. Her mother, of course, had come. She ran into the sitting room wondering why the door was closed.

"I will be all right," she said to herself, her hand on the knob, and stepped into the room—to walk straight into Archie's arms.

She clung to him as though she could never let him go.

"Oh, Archie, you've come back, you really wanted me."

He strained her closer. "I've never stopped wanting you," he told her, his lips on her hair.

Presently, when they were sitting by the fire, she in the armchair and he at her feet, he began to explain. She would not listen at first, it was all her fault, she said.

"No, indeed," he protested generously, "it was mine. I was so crude; it's a wonder you can care at all about anyone as stupid as I am. And I think I was too ambitious—though in a way it was all for you, Emmy; you must always believe that. But I'm at the bottom rung now, sweetheart; you see, I told Mr. Fields everything and—he put me out."

"Oh, Archie," she praised him, "that was really noble, since you weren't obliged to tell him."

"Well, but in one sense I was obliged to—to keep my self-respect, you know. So there wasn't anything very noble about it after all." He couldn't tell her what had really happened. "I'm genuinely poor now, dearest, but your mother sent for me to come over to New York. She knows some pretty all-right people there—she's a wonderful woman, Emmy—and I'm to go out to the Philippines. Could you—do you think you could come out there, Emmy?"

She could, she assured him, go anywhere. "Only don't let it be too long, Archie—I——"

He was ecstatic. "Emmy—you—you don't mean you would be willing to start out there with me, do you? Why, that's only three months off. When——" He stopped, peering out the window. "Who is that coming up the path?"

"It's Willie Holborn," said Emmy. "I suppose Mary sent him around with my present. Wait, I'll let him in."

But it wasn't Willie Holborn, unless he had been suddenly converted into a small and very grubby special-delivery boy.

"Mr. A. Ferrers," he said laconically, thrusting a book out at her. "Sign here."

She took the letter back into the pleasant room, and A. Ferrers, scanning the postmark, tore it open. "It's from my landlady; she's the only person in Philadelphia who knows where I am. Wonder what's up?" he said incuriously. "I know I didn't forget to pay her my bill. Hello, what's this?" For within was a yellow envelope—a telegram.

Together they tore it open.

"Don't be a blooming idiot," it read; "the governor says come back and receive apologies and accept job. Merry Christmas.

"PETER FIELDS."

"Oh," said Emmy, "isn't it lovely? Why does he say 'receive apologies,' Archie?"

"Oh, I don't know," he quibbled, reflecting that if Peter hadn't said just that his return would have been as impossible as ever. "It's just his queer way of talking. He's the funniest chap! Looks as though I wouldn't have to go to the Philippines after all. But that doesn't alter the main question. How soon do you think you can marry me, Emmy?"

His voice was light, but his eyes—

"Well," said Emmy bravely, "what do you think of Christmas?"

THE END.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF
COLORED PEOPLE

MEMBERSHIP.

AS we go to press our new members for the past month have reached a total of 115, of which Boston secured 69.

The annual meeting of the association will be held January 21, at 4 p. m., in the New York Evening Post Building, 20 Vesey Street. There will be an art exhibit and tea will be served at the offices, 26 Vesey Street.

To supply the demand from the various branches which are planning emancipation meetings, the association has reprinted part of the emancipation supplement of the New York *Evening Post* of September 21, 1912, and added a page of interesting matter. Single copies, postpaid, cost three cents, two for five cents; in quantities, 100 for two dollars.

THE BOSTON BRANCH.

THE Boston branch had its annual meeting November 9, 1912. The speakers were the president, Mr. Francis J. Garrison, Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, Mr. John E. Milholland and Miss Nerney. Mr. Pillsbury described the proceedings of the American Bar Association at Milwaukee. Mr. Pillsbury and Judge Harvey H. Baker of the Juvenile Court gave up their vacations to make the journey to Milwaukee, in the heat and discomfort of late August, in order to protest against the drawing of the color line.

ONE OF OUR TYPICAL CASES.

THE following interesting case successfully investigated by the legal redress committee of the branch was reported by the secretary, Mr. Wilson:

"Another case was that of a girl in one of the Roxbury grammar schools. Early in the spring her mother was informed by the master that the girl would not be allowed to graduate, and was with the reluctant consent of the mother, without adequate reason, transferred to the Trade School for Girls. While in the trade school she was wrongly marked as absent twenty-one times from the grammar school. The mother, a poor woman, working by the day for a living, applied to friends who sought the reason for the transfer of the girl, and for the statement that she would not be allowed to graduate. Acting under their advice the girl applied to the school board for an examination, and was informed that no reason appeared for refusing her graduation.

"When the master was pressed for the reason for this statement that the girl should not graduate, he failed to give any adequate reason, became irritable and finally failed in courtesy and requested the association's representative to withdraw from his office. Later the girl was told that she could not attend school, and her mother, working by the day in Brookline, was told that she must come herself to the school at 8 o'clock to see the master. She had called on him several times without result and informed him that she would lose her job if she were away from it at 8 o'clock. This had no influence upon him. The association quietly and persistently pushed the case. There was no noise or blare of trumpets, but the girl graduated with her class and is now a member of one of the Boston high schools."

MEETINGS.

THE assistant secretary, Miss Gruening, addressed meetings in Brooklyn at the Berean Baptist Church and at the People's Forum. In Manassas, Va., she spoke to the students of the Manassas Industrial School for Colored Youth. In Hampton she addressed the graduates and seniors of Hampton Institute and also spoke in the Zion Baptist Church. At the latter meeting an aged Negro who had been a slave arose and said in comment on the message to which he had listened: "This is the second time in my life I have heard the voice of God; I first heard it fifty years ago."

EQUALITY AND LIBERTY

By CALEB S. S. DUTTON

THE doctrine of the equality of mankind by virtue of their birth as men, with its consequent right to equality of opportunity for self-development as a part of social justice, establishes a common basis of conviction, in respect to man, and a definite end as one main object of the State; and these elements are primary in the democratic scheme. Liberty is the next step, and is the means by which that end is secured. It is so cardinal in democracy as to seem hardly secondary to equality in importance.

We say that and immediately the gravest problem in our national life looms up. The Negro problem is the mortal spot of our democracy. In America we have a racial problem of more fearful portent than that of any of the nations of Europe. We are still paying the price of slavery. The South is psychologically cramped. The North is bewildered.

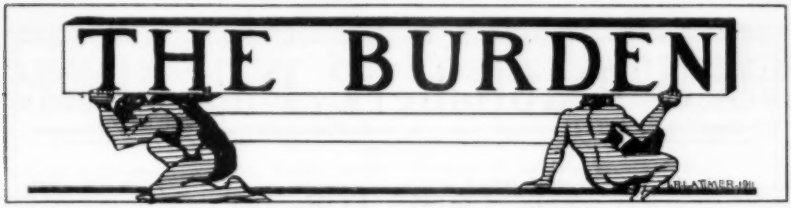
At the moment we are beset by the problem of Negro suffrage. It is being urged by a dominant school of thought that the immediate salvation of the Negro is less political than economic, and that his possession of money and education (above all, of technical education) will eventually compel the grant to him of full political rights at a time when he can best avail himself of them. This non-resistant attitude is hotly repelled by another group, who declare that Negro acquiescence in Negro disfranchisement is a denial of democracy, a surrender to race prejudice, and an obstacle in the path of the accumulation of money and education, which is the very alternative proposed to political rights. "If we have not the vote," they say, "we shall have neither education nor justice; if we have not the vote, our schools will be starved and our farms and our jobs lost."

Whatever the merits of this controversy as a matter of ethics or practical politics, it seems probable—rather more than probable—that the present democratic movement, uneasily recognizing this danger in its rear, will move forward, leaving the problem of the Negro suffrage to one side. Witness the attitude of the three great parties to-day.

It is perhaps possible to evade this issue if we can satisfy ourselves that the vote is not immediately essential to Negro civilization—it is not difficult to find sophistries to bolster this thought; the mouse can find many reasons, philanthropic and other, for not belling the cat. But we may not presume to make the Negro an "underman," to offer him a subhuman or a subcivilized life. For, as he grows, the Negro, if he be not given, will take. Even as we advance, hoping, perhaps, that democracy won and wrought by the whites will descend as an easy heritage to the re-enfranchised Negroes, we are oppressed by the dread of what may occur. There may arise a Negro consciousness, a sense of outraged racial dignity. There may come a stirring of a rebellious spirit among ten, or, as it will soon be, of fifteen or twenty million black folk. We cannot hope forever to sit quietly at the feast of life and let the black man serve. We cannot build upon an assumed superiority over these black men, who are seemingly humble to-day, but who to-morrow may be imperious, exigent, and proudly race conscious.

If the democracy in America is to be a white democracy, and the civilization in America is to be a white civilization; if it is proposed to make the Negro a thing without rights, a permanent semi-emancipated slave, a headless, strong-armed worker, then let the white civilization beware. We may sunder the races if we can; we may preserve race integrity if we can; we may temporarily limit the Negro's suffrage—but this rock-bottom truth remains: if we seek to set up lower standards for one race, if we abate the ultimate rights, prerogatives and privileges of either race we shall plant the seeds of our own undoing. Our self-protection, as much as our sense of justice, must impel us toward the Negro's cause. Whether we love the Negro or hate him, we are, and shall continue to be, tied to him.

Let us never forget that the best antidote to democracy is jingoism and race hatred. Stir up race or national hatred and you postpone your social development.



CHAPTER I.

"BARTOW, Nov. 5.—An unknown Negro has been creating a little excitement in Bartow lately. Last week, late in the night, he went into the home of George Mann, and later, in the same night, the same Negro or his pal went into the house of R. M. Oglesby, bent on robbery, but he failed to secure any valuables, and was chased by the county bloodhounds, but without success. On a later night he tried to enter the house of Mr. Minnis. Last night, about 6 o'clock, a Negro, supposedly the same Negro, entered the home of Tom Page, near the Tillis Hotel. While rambling around in one of the rooms of the house, a telephone girl who boards at the Page home came into the room, and the Negro knocked her down, rendering her unconscious for a while, and then made his escape. Several good marksmen and householders are wishing that they could get a crack at this Negro."—Lakeland (Fla.) *Evening Telegram.*

CHAPTER II.

"BARTOW, Nov. 7.—Last Monday afternoon late it was related that a Negro bent on robbery entered the home of Tom Page, and on being intercepted by a young lady roomer who works for the telephone company knocked the young lady senseless. The sequel to this occurrence took place last night.

"Mrs. Page, on returning home about 5 o'clock, found her back door unbolted. On leaving home she had securedly bolted it. On making a search of her room it was found that some thief had rummaged through the bureau, trunks, etc., and had taken some of Mrs. Page's clothing and considerable of her jewelry. The county bloodhounds were secured at once and taken to the back yard where footprints were found. The hounds trailed around the yard, but refused to leave the premises. Noticing that the footprints in the yard were rather small, and suspicioning that the depredations had been committed by someone in the house, J. P. Murdaugh, who had charge of the hounds, asked the telephone girl to let them measure her feet, and upon measuring her feet they were found to be of the same dimensions as the tracks in the yard. A search of her room was then made and all the stolen articles were found between the mattresses of her bed. She had taken all of Mrs. Page's best jewelry, some of her best clothing and a pair of trousers belonging to Tom Page. We suppose that she was going off to get married. The girl is a Georgia girl who has not been working at the local telephone office very long.

"It is said that the young lady in question was for a time night operator at the telephone exchange in Lakeland."—Lakeland (Fla.) *Evening Telegram.*

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Publishers' Page

THE CRISIS FOR 1913

Among the many articles to be published are extracts from unpublished letters of **Robert Gould Shaw,** the brave leader of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, who was "buried under his Niggers!"

"The Black Half," by Jacob Riis.

"Professional Americanism," by * * * * *, a leading colored teacher.

The **"Alpha Phi Alpha,"** a new college fraternity among college men.

We shall make a specialty of fiction and expect short stories from **Charles W. Chesnutt** and **Miss Fauset.**

We have already a striking story by **Harry H. Pace,** Grand Exalted Ruler of the Colored Elks; also one from **Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar.**

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Turning to the **Publishers' Page** the Ad. Man pointed to the announcement in the September number, printed in clear, bold-face type.

"Oh, I never read that page."

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ADVERTISING—Address all inquiries to Albon L. Holsey, Advertising Manager.

CIRCULATION—The present circulation of **THE CRISIS** is 22,000 copies per month, in every State in the Union and in 26 foreign lands. Our circulation books are open to interested parties.

AGENTS—**THE CRISIS** has at present a staff of 469 agents. Only agents who can furnish first-class references are desired.

LETTERS—Address business letters to W. E. B. Du Bois, Manager. Draw all checks to **THE CRISIS,** 26 Vesey Street, New York City.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE

OFFICES: 26 Vesey Street, New York. Incorporated May 25, 1911

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Owners: The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, a corporation, composed of 30 directors; no stock issued.

Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, none.

W. E. B. DU BOIS,

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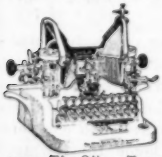

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